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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Highways and Byways: second series. 12mo. 3 vols. London 1824. Colburn.

Mr. GRATTAN, the author of these Tales, is not a descendant, and we know not if any relative, of the celebrated Henry; but he is the possessor of talents which do no discredit to his name. The first series was one of the most successful Novels of last season, and, we will own, outstripped our expectations of it. Perhaps the habit of reading critically leads to fastidiousness; and we are always happy to find that public taste is more readily pleased than our own, whether in literature, painting, acting, or otherwise,—for it is good that writers, artists, and performers, should experience kindness rather than below their deserts; “or who should ‘scape whipping?’”

The work now before us will, in our opinion, extend Mr. Grattan's popularity. It consists of three Tales, founded on circumstances which have occurred to him in his foreign rambles, and they are very different in character, as well as very clever in their execution. The first is called Caribert or the Bear Hunter, the second The Priest and the Garde-du-Corps, and of these alone we have now to speak.

The scene of Caribert is laid in the wild country of the central Pyrenees, which our author sketches with a bold but accurate hand. He paints himself as being benighted near Mount Arlison, and the following may be cited as an example of his descriptive powers—“powers which a *Salvator* might embody on the canvass:—

“I had stood, early that morning, by the edge of a chasm in the direction they spoke of, the most appalling I had ever beheld: one formed, as I thought, in a moment of Heaven's deadliest wrath against the world; looking as if the ireful stroke of a thousand concentrated thunderbolts had split the whole body of the mountain from its summit to its roots, and torn open, and scattered down to the vale the huge rocks that lay buried deepest in its heart. In my breathless curiosity to look over the chasm, I had lain down on my face, and crept cautiously along to its vast and broken edge. With one hand twined in the roots of a thick tuft of rhododendron, and the other grasping a jagged piece of granite that stood out over the yawning depth, I cautiously gazed down into it. Shivered fragments of rock of immense magnitude, wrenched as it were from their hold in the earth, first caught my view. Some appeared in the very act of falling down, as they hung balanced in the ocean of the air by a slight isthmus of clay and stone, which seemed waiting the first storm-gust to sever it across. Other enormous masses toppled over the abyss, from projecting ledges of earth, not a hundredth part the size of the crags they supported. A few wild flowers and shrubs, dangling from the irregular sides, gave a horrid air of animation to the scene, and looked like living

victims suspended over the chasm. One solitary pine tree with broken branches and withered stem, hung out over the side. Its roots were bare, all but three or four fibres, by which it seemed to cling tremblingly to the cliff where it had been self-planted, as if conscious that the next shower of rain would wash away its scanty bed of earth and precipitate it down below. The whole perpendicular face of this gulf was seared and shivered by the lightnings of countless ages, and innumerable storms. Not a living thing was in sight, but two or three eagles that floated through the sky far beneath me. The clouds rolled away thousands of feet below, and hid the tops of many a lesser hill—for I was then on one of the highest points of the Pyrenees. Every thing further down was lost to me, in the solid mist that seemed settled in the shelter of the ravine. I looked up and saw nothing but the thick haze of dawn, for the sun had not appeared over the furthest edge of the horizon. I had ascended the Pic du Midi to behold its glorious rising. I viewed, instead of it, this scene of harrowing desolation. I shrank back from the precipice, recovered my feet, and hurried off down the smooth eastern side of the mountain, in the direction of that valley, where night brought me into contact with the adventure which led to this digression.”

The ensuing sunrise is equally forcible:—

“It was then the month of August; no matter in what year, the night had been misty, which I knew was rather a reason to look for a bright morning. The smooth even path as we went along, and the deep conversation into which we entered, beguiled our route; so that I was somewhat surprised on casting my looks towards the east, as we issued from a ravine about half way up the mountain's side, to find that the dawn was beginning to break. I stopped for a moment to take breath, for the ascent had been very rapid. I gazed around me, and was pleased to see the mists rising gradually upwards, and leaving the bottom of the valleys clear. I distinguished the little river which had narrowed as we mounted towards its source, and the still smaller streamlets that trickled down towards it, like skeins of silvery tissue hanging on the heathy mantle which covered the mountain. A fresh breeze came from the eastward heralding the rising sun, and I marked appearing above the horizon those prelusive beams which he sends out, as *avant-couriers*, to clear his path along the ways of heaven. Remembering my disappointment of the preceding morning, on the top of the Pic du Midi, I was resolved to be in time at the summit of Arlison, to see the first burst of the day-god as he shewed his splendid face to my portion of the world. I gave therefore the hint to my guides, and we pushed quickly on. My companions, though more accustomed to the scene than I was, seemed to participate in my anxiety. We all abandoned for awhile the subject which had lately given such in-

terest to our conversation; and paid, in silence, our homage to the sovereign whose levee we were hurrying to attend. The vapours kept pace with us at first; they mounted beside us for awhile, but soon outstripped our progress; and as they left all clear before us, we saw them blending gradually with the clouds, which had already taken their high stations close to the mountain's summit. As the light increased, a gradual tone and appearance of security seemed to accompany it on the earth. The howling of the wolves, and the barking of the shepherds' dogs, which had kept concert during the night, now gave place to the hum of insects. The eagles, sure of their way, came two or three of them floating down through the air, and seemed to pierce with keen gaze the deepest recesses of the vale. The wild flowers opened their bosoms and freely shared their fragrant scents with the breeze, that kissed them as it passed upwards. All nature began to robe itself for the coming ceremony. The grey clouds assumed a variety of tinges of many brilliant colours. The peaks rising here and there above them shone in rosy hues; and the snow-heaps that lay on their granite beds were covered with a deep blush of blended crimson and purple. I hurried breathlessly forward, for I feared I should be late. I found that nature was too quick for me. I saw the horizon covered with the yellow streaks, on whose steps the sun treads so quickly. His dazzling beams were fast piercing up the skies, and the west of Heaven was glowing in all the splendid mixture of bright colours which it catches from reflection. I hastened on still faster. I had taken the lead of my companions. I did not look at all before me, until enveloped by thick mists, and losing all sight of the beautiful panorama around me, I found that we were actually in the clouds.

“A pang of disappointment was my first sensation, but I did not pause in my career. I heard Claude and Moinard calling to me that I was mounting too high from the path, but I replied that I would soon rejoin them. They paused, and I rushed on. I hoped still to find an opening through the vapours to catch a glimpse of the world below me, blazing in all the splendour of the fully risen luminary. The mists told me that my hopes were vain, and that the moment was past, for they were all at once illumined with a sudden rush of brightness, that gave to every particle of which they were composed a silver brilliancy, and seemed to throw a glow of warmth into the atmosphere. A few minutes more led me to the confines of this bright veil. The pointed peaks of the mountain began to appear—then the blue heaven above—and in another step or two, I had passed the onward edge of the mist. I looked round, and felt a thrill of awe shoot through me, as I gazed on the solemnity of the scene. As far as the eye could penetrate the apparently boundless extent, a wide

ocean of thick clouds alone was visible below me, and the spotless vault of heaven above. Not the slightest sign of earth, or of man, was within view. The heavy mass of congregated vapours, in their millions of inviolated folds, brought at once to my mind the notion of the universal deluge, when the world of waters swept majestically along, crushing and burying all trace of animal and vegetable existence. I imagined the last of living victims flying from the coming flood, and hurrying his tottering steps to the summit of the highest hill. I retreated involuntarily upwards—and could have fled in the midst of my abstraction, had not the out-bursting of the glorious sun given a new and splendid character to this most wonderful scene. He rushed up rapidly from the mass of clouds into the clear blue heaven. He flung no beams round him. Nothing existed as a ground-work to throw them out into shadow, or mark their palpable touch. He was a ball of single and intolerable splendour. My gaze was instantaneous, and had nearly blinded me. I covered my eyes for a moment, and when I looked again the whole ocean of clouds was as a multitude of wreaths of snow, enwrapped one over the other in folds of dazzling whiteness. The scene was too splendid and too sublime for my continued gaze. I turned in search of relief, and caught, to the southward, the wide extended chain of mountains spreading to the right and left, and lost in the imperfect light of their far distant limits.

"Barren and desolate as they looked, there was still something in them which spoke of a nature that was not strange to me. They were palpable realities that recalled me to the world, and brought home to me associations of humanity. I looked on them in all their venerable magnitude of form and extent, enthroned on earth, and covered with the glow of heaven. In all my reverence for their mightiness, I was never so impressed with it as now."

Of the adventure which induced the author to visit this grand and stupendous scenery, we shall not detail the particulars so as to deprive our readers of the gratification which they will enjoy with the original. Suffice it to say that it is a pathetic love story of Aline, a fair peasant, and her two lovers, Caribet, the bold bear-hunter, and Claude, his rival. A dreadful incident (the death of his father in conflict with a bear) drives the former into distraction; and, still attended by the affections of his mistress, he roams, a maniac, among the terrible passes of the Pyrenees. His mind dwells with horrid energy on the event which has unsettled it; and a bear-hunt, to which he escapes from his watchful keepers, affords us a fair opportunity for extracting what will do justice to Mr. Orattan, and exhibit a striking picture of the people and country he has selected for illustration in this tale.

"My attention was however quickly recalled, by the loud shouts which issued from the wood below, the blowing of horns, the barking of dogs, and the report of musket shots. From the smoke which rose up through the pine trees, after each discharge, I could ascertain that the party which was scouring the wood advanced in a tolerably regular line, and in the direction of the spot on which we stood. Moirand threw himself carelessly down and gazed upon the scene. Ranger bounded, wagged his tail, and addressed many supplicating looks to me, en-

quiring the meaning of this barbarous proceeding. Claude loosened his gun from its sling, grasped it in his hands, and looked with a piercing glance, as if watching for his prey. - - -

"The rapid advance of the hunters was made evident by those telegraphic announcements sent up through the trees—noisy reports ending in smoke, and to which I have since known many parallels in news from very nearly the same neighbourhood. In a few minutes three or four hares bounded out of the wood and fled across the plains in defiance of the pursuit of the izard hunters' dogs. Presently two bears emerged from their concealment, and were soon followed by a third, with a wolf who sought like them a refuge from the approaching foes. All these fugitive savages made, by a common instinct, towards a rocky hollow about three hundred yards in front of the wood, and close to the foot of the mountain towards which we were gradually inclining.

"Lizier, who recognised Claude, hallooed out to us to descend still faster, to hem in the enemy and prevent the possibility of his escape. The wolf trotted on briskly from the wood, and soon crouched down in the concealment of the brambles and high fern that grew among the rocks. The bears advanced to the hollow with ferocious growlings and steady gravity of pace, that marked them insensible, or indifferent to danger.

"The dogs and hunters now began to appear. The former, to the amount of about twenty, shewed their good training by stopping on the verge of the wood. They all lay down or stood still, and many of them rolled in the heath, refreshing themselves after their fatigue, and gaining fresh vigour for the coming contest.

"The hunters all paused as they came out, and seemed to pay implicit obedience to the movements of a young man who soon appeared about the centre of the line, and who was distinguished from his comrades by a red scarf tied across his shoulder, and a small flag of the same colour, which he waved in various motions suited to the commands he meant to convey.

"'Ha! ha!' said Claude, 'I see they have chosen Simon Guilloteaux captain of the day. I hope he may have good sport.'

"'I trust he may,' replied I, 'for your sister's sake. There is some profit in being leader of a successful party, isn't there?'

"'Why, yes, Sir; there's a whole skin to himself, if they kill an odd number of bears, and a *petit écu* for every wolf, besides his share of the profits coming from the commune.'

"'Oh, then we must do our best to help the cause—it will all be for Jeanneton's benefit, you know.'

"'Not a bit of it, Sir,—Simon is too much of a rake not to spend every franc he gains, in one foolish way or other;—but he's a good hearted lad for all that, and marriage will settle them both one day, for she's to the fall as unsteady as he.'

"The hunters had now fairly emerged from the wood. I counted them, fourteen; and there was something irregularly martial and fiercely picturesque in their whole appearance and manner. They looked, every one, as if they had been or ought to have been soldiers. There was an air of rude uniformity in their leathern doublets, that gave a notion of discipline, and something extremely inspiring in their ardent gestures and bold at-

titudes. About half a dozen carried fusils; the rest were armed with short pikes, and the accessories formerly mentioned in my description of the accoutrements of the unfortunate Larcole, and his still more ill-fated son.

"Lizier and Claude soon informed the party of the good sport they had driven before them. They seemed all highly exhilarated by the intelligence, and quickly prepared for the attack. The Captain divided his party, moving towards the left with six, and ordering the others to advance straight forward, that they might commence the onset at two sides of the hollow; Claude, Lizier, and myself, being already on the rising ground opposite the wood, up which they did not think of the prey attempting to escape; while an opening was clearly left to the southward to facilitate their flight, and leave a space for the gunsmen to fire without danger to the party.

"The dogs stooped down and crept onwards, as their masters silently advanced; and when the approaching footsteps sounded within hearing of the wolf, I saw the ruffian throw his ears back, lay his head close to the earth, and show all the cunning air and posture of a fox, but none of the ferocity of his kind. The bears huddled together into the centre of the hollow; and there was something extremely ludicrous in the air of profound consultation of this heavy-headed junta, and the associations it brought to my mind, of ministers, monarchs, and the Lord knows what.

"Arrived at the edges of the hollow, the huntsmen set up a loud cry to rouse the bears into fury, and force them to quit their vantage ground among the broken rocks and shrubs. The bears growled, and foamed, and moved round briskly in evident irritation, but they did not stir from their position. The wolf rose up, and as he made himself seen was assailed by fierce shouts. Three of the dogs were let loose upon him, and he immediately advanced towards the open space. He looked round about him at the levelled guns and determined looks of his adversaries; and then, whether from chance or calculation I do not pretend to decide, he made a sudden rush to the leftward, bounded from the hollow, sprang up the hill, and took full speed towards us. Two ineffectual shots were fired at him from the opposite side, and the bullets whizzed close to us. No more could be fired from that quarter without exposing us to great risk, and a waving downward of the Captain's flag prohibited the attempt."

Our author was himself the successful shot, and a shout of joy rewarded his lucky bullet. The bears were then attacked:

"Men and dogs advanced with equal courage, and their superiority soon decided the affair. The bears were all killed after a hard struggle; and with only the loss of two dogs, who fell in the first onset, and a few slight scratches and bruises, distributed in fair proportions between the captain and four of his most ardent associates.

"The work of slaughter lasted but a short time; and when the last of the bears was despatched, a loud concert of triumph burst forth in shouts, blowing of horns, firing of guns and barking of dogs. The hunters began to drag the carcasses up into the plain; the wolf was brought down and thrown beside his companions in death; and each combatant began to examine the various wounds of the victims, recognising those he had him-

self inflicted; the whole party chatting over the rapid events of the battle.

"There was certainly somewhat, beyond any thing I had imagined or can describe, of savage interest in the scene. I felt a momentary repugnance to the very thought of fox or hare-hunting, and made an inward vow against the tamer sports of the field, which I have kept, just in the manner of a poet who forswears publishing, or a coquette who renounces flirtation after the first disappointment."

At this period Caribert arrives, and Mr. G. says:—

"I must not attempt to analyze my own sensations as I gazed on the deplorable figure he presented. The scene around me, the precipice, and the slaughtered bears weltering in their blood, were combinations well suited to such an apparition. But his appearance lank and haggard, his beard apparently the growth of several weeks, his dark hair matted with weeds and damped by the dew, his vestments torn against the branches and roots through which he had all night wandered; his worn-out mien and frame exhausted,—all this was unexpected and altogether shocking.

"I could not help figuring to myself, before I saw him, a robust and active young madman, of terrible aspect and ferocious purpose. The first impression made by his appearance was that of enfeebled age, unqualified to sustain a struggle with a child. It was a subject over which a moralist or a hero might have equally wept without reproach. There was not one of the hunters who did not shew such symptoms of compassion as their rough natures admitted. . . .

"As Claude and the others got near him, he spoke, but I could only distinguish the sound of his hoarse and hollow voice: the words were inarticulate. The group soon surrounded him, and it was not long before I joined them. I made my way close up to him, and strove to catch his incoherent and scarcely audible discourse. Nothing could be more discursive or unconnected than what he said. He had evidently lost all remembrance of the faces about him; and though his rambling thoughts were full of fancies connected with his former companions, he scarcely in one instance applied them rightly. . . .

"The blood which covered some of the hunters now caught the observation of Caribert. The lassitude and fatigue by which he at first appeared bowed down, gave way all at once to a sudden burst of animation. He snatched a spear from the hand of one of the men next to him, and brandishing it over his head, he shouted hoarsely, "To the chase, to the chase!" His emaciated limbs shook with nervous agitation, and he hurried on through the files formed by the hunters, who fell back as he advanced, and offered no obstacle to his progress. As he rushed on, shouting and waving the spear, his eye fixed on one of the slaughtered bears—he paused an instant, and then with a furious expression of countenance, and a violent effort at utterance which his hoarseness rendered vain, he flung himself on the body of the dead animal. He took it up in his arms with a strength that appeared gigantic—and dashing it then furiously against the ground, he seemed at once to lose all power, and fell down upon it, exhausted and apparently lifeless.

"He was completely besmeared with the

blood, and was altogether the most appalling object I had ever beheld. He was raised up quite unresistingly by his friends. Aline and Molnard approached, and she gave directions concerning him, which were promptly obeyed. A rude litter of pine branches covered with heath was quickly constructed, and the poor wretch laid upon it and borne on the shoulders of four of his companions."

These extracts will enable our readers to form an estimate of Caribert, and we will not withdraw the veil which hides its conclusion. Were it only as a remarkable description of a part of the world very little known to us, we should say, that it is one of the most interesting tales we had perused for a long time. But it also superadds a dramatic interest, which, either as a novel or a piece for the stage, would fix attention and excite strong feelings. We have only farther to observe, that Mr. G. has interspersed it with poetry; and given us a copy of a bill at the little auberge among the mountains, which is rather a curious example of the orthography and charges in that quarter. We transcribe it.

Memoire pr. M. P. Angle.		Translation, English Gentleman's Bill.	
	fr. c.		fr. c.
Lis	5 0	Bed	5 0
Ganard pr. gon soupait 4 50		Duck for his supper . . .	4 50
Fromage id	25	Cheese do.	25
Pin heart let id	1 75	Bread, butter, milk do. 1 75	
Analette id	2 0	Omelette, do.	2 0
Vin 3 bouts	3 0	Wine, three bottles . . .	3 0
Quai	1 25	Coffee	1 25
An d' Vin avec Messrs.		Brandy with the Sp.	
Les Espanaules	7 0	nish gentlemen	7 0
Chavai, foine avaine 3 0		Horse's hay and oats . . .	3 0
	fr. 37 75		fr. 37 75

The Priest and Garde-du-corps places before us a vivid picture of the early stages of the French revolution; connected together by the adventures of three Irishmen, a priest, a captain of the Garde-du-corps, and his servant an attached clown. At present, however, we have no farther space to bestow on Mr. Grattan. We are sorry that in this tale he should have fallen into the whining cant so common to Irish writers, about the woes of their poor country. John Bull has obtained the character of being the most grumbling nation on the face of the earth; and Paddy seems determined to acquire that of the most plaintive and lachrymose. Ill used, beaten, oppressed, sobbing and sighing about lost liberties and independence—what a pitiful people they must be considered, were we to receive the accounts of their own Jeremiahs! But the fact is not so; and Ireland is a much finer country than its weeping sons, following each other like a string of wild geese, represent it in their lamentations.

Continuation of Don Juan. Cantos XVII. and XVIII. Oxford 1825. Munday and Slater.

It was a hazardous attempt to take up what had ceased to attract even in the hands of a Byron; and we doubt much that the endeavour to make Juan a loyal, honest, and pious hero, was likely to render the task either more easy or (we regret to say) more popular. The author of this poem, however, displays a degree of talent which induces us to hope that we shall see him again in a less questionable shape. The present we cannot praise. It begins with a grave eulogy and lament on Lord Byron's genius and loss; and then leaps, by an abrupt and consequently

offensive transition, into the ludicrous, comparing him to the lame Tyrtæus—a simile which would have been most unpalatable to the modern Greek leader, in his "day of flesh." We quote the passage as a specimen of the poem:

Greeks had exclaim'd,—a Byron comes to free us,
Be he our chieftain, he our new Tyrtæus.

Who was Tyrtæus? I will tell you, readers,
Or Mitford tells you in an early chapter:
When Sparta, greatly frighten'd, wanted leaders
To combat the Messenians—they had rapt'd her
So hard, that she had sent some special bleeders
To ask the Oracle's advice, who tapp'd her
Upon the back, and answer'd, My opinion
Is that you seek for aid in an Athenian.

They sent to Athens, but with no great hopes;
For these two cities were a little jealous;
But Phœbus will'd it—he's a fool, who copes
With what the gods decree, as poets tell us;
So, though they were not quite upon high ropes,
'They ask'd th' Athenians, who so litt'le zealous
Were in their cause, that when the message came,
They only sent a poet, who was lame.

A man may limp, because one foot is short,
And yet may write a very good hexameter;
(Which means, according to the Greek, a sort
Of verse, which, if we measure its diameter,
Is six feet long; sometimes in boyish sport
We give five feet, and call it a pentameter.)
Such verses wrote Tyrtæus, and in fame
Was great as bard and warrior—though lame.

At first the Spartans did not like him much,
They wanted not a writer, but a fighter:
One thing alone they lik'd in him—his crutch,
A sign, that when the battle-blaze grew
Brighter,

He would not run away; his strains were such,
That as he sang each buoyant heart grew lighter;
He wrote—they fought—at length he tun'd his
To sounds of victory—Messenia fell. [shell

Byron in many points was like Tyrtæus,
He limp'd, wrote verses, favour'd liberty,
And died in Greece—alike were their ideas,
Though different their ends.

We are afraid that this must fall under the reproach of being in exceedingly bad taste. The rhymes too, throughout, are far beyond license—before her, Aurora; analogy, comedie, pedigree; flatery, sestertii; &c. &c. are sheer doggerel. But that the writer, a young Collegian we learn, has higher capabilities, the following introduction to Canto XVIII. will show:

'Tis a sad sound, that ling'ring last Farewell,
When friends must separate, perhaps for ever;
But sadder, when 'tis follow'd by the knell, [never
Which tells us, that our loves and friendships
Again on earth in sweetest bands shall dwell.

'Tis vain to weep: Death's chilly hand will
Affection's dearest ties; tears cannot save, [sever
Nor sorrow call one victim from the grave.

And yet we weep: the hands of Nature bind
The parent and the child in links of love;
Nor could I envy him, who has resign'd
Such ties without one parting pang to prove
That he 'd a heart of flesh: the ivy twin'd
Around the aged monarch of the grove
Still loves to curl its leafy honours round
The parent oak, though prostrate on the ground

Young Juan wept: those brief and hasty lines,
Which call'd from Nature's fount the gushing
tears

To dew his full dark eyes, were mournful signs
That all was over; she, whose hopes and fears
Had watch'd him from the cradle, where re-
clines

A mother's infant treasure, through the years
Of boyish pastime, to that ripier time,
When strength and grace spring forth in man-
hood's prime,

She, who had lov'd him with a tenderness

That border'd on idolatry, whose eye,

Gazing on his young virtues to excess,

Could not endure the torture to espy

Aught that could make her doat upon him less,

She died; and gather'd to her ancestry,

Ashes to ashes, left her dying blessing

To him, whom still her fancy was caressing.

This is very sweet and natural. We advise the author to leave Juan to that fate which cut short his career, and take up a theme which provokes neither doubt, comparison nor censure.

Time's Telescope for 1825, &c. London: Sherwood, Jones, & Co.

WITHOUT attempting those expensive ornaments, and that external appearance* which distinguish some of its contemporaries, the utility and vigorous intelligence of *Time's Telescope*, aided by the contributions of poetry, natural history, and other judicious concomitants to almanack lore, have placed it high in the scale of popularity. It has thus become so well known to the public, that it would be superfluous to describe the present annual volume. Suffice it to say, that it equals its precursors, and is full of miscellaneous and entertaining notices, adapted to almost every day of the coming year. Among the most original features are some brief memoirs of living writers—(a department susceptible both of extension and improvement)—which makes us acquainted with men, perhaps too little known. In this way we have Mr. Alexander Balfour, author of *Contemplation*, and other poems, and a considerable contributor to *Time's Telescope*; Mr. Richard Ryan, another of its friends, who gives a concise history of English sacred poetry to this publication; Dr. J. Mason Good; and Mr. David Macbeth Moir. The latter is stated to be the writer of the poems signed A, in *Blackwood's Magazine*, and a prolific correspondent in other respects, to several periodicals, though it does not appear that he has published any separate work of consequence. We have been rather amused by the expression in his biography (page 9), that he is "possessed of a rarely cultivated mind;" for the phrase is very dubious, though we readily guess the sense which it was intended to convey, namely, that his mind was very highly or finely cultivated, and not, very little or seldom.

Of the parts devoted to natural history, the following extract (month July) will serve as an example:

"As summer advances, the vocal music of the groves is lessened, and in this month may be said to cease altogether—if we except the chirping of the wren and two or three small birds. The yellow hammer (*emberiza citrinella*) forms its nests and lays its eggs very late in the year, it being quite the end of June, or the beginning of July, before any number of them are found: the eggs are to be distinguished from those of every other bird by their being figured with irregular hair-like scratches, as if marked with a pen; so much so, that, in the midland counties, this bird is called a 'scribbling lark'—in the northern counties he becomes a 'blakeling' (from blake, yellow.)—The yellow-hammer is perhaps one of the commonest birds we possess; being found in the summer season uni-

versally scattered about the hedge-rows of both open and inclosed places, though it never visits our gardens; in the winter they collect in large flocks, and frequent the farm-yard and home-stalls, feeding upon the small seeds they find there, but they retire to the hedges again on the approach of the breeding season. The nidification of birds is in general influenced by the facility of obtaining requisite food for their young; and it is possibly this circumstance that necessitates the yellow-hammer to breed so late, as they feed entirely upon seeds, and those of the grasses are ripe and in profusion at this period; and, no sooner is the herbage cut down for hay, than we see this most innocent little bird light upon the swathe, and animate the field. The rook builds very early, actuated by the same motive; she hatches in April, when the agriculturist is so busy in turning up the ground, now affording abundance of grubs and worms, which would not be found in a later and drier season. When this supply becomes scarce, the common chaffer abounds, and affords these birds a long supply of food; and, towards the end of May or June, our oak-trees are covered with the old birds and their clamorous broods, feeding upon this insect. The turdus race (blackbirds and thrushes) are early breeders; for in that moist season of the year, slugs and worms, fitting food, abound everywhere. The beautiful regulations of Nature in all her departments are admirable! The peculiar fitness and adaptation of every portion of organized life to its original design; the provision made for the continuation of this harmony, without collision or interruption; and the mutual chain of dependance which connects each portion, as far as human penetration can perceive, are wonderful to mind! but only the natural result of Supreme Intelligence."

The following remarks on a subject which nearly concerns the Metropolis, may also be advantageously quoted (Month March):

"The planting and sowing of Forest Trees is generally concluded in this month. The mixing of fir-trees with oaks (except in very sheltered situations) is now frequently adopted by the planter. From a variety of experiments made under the direction of the Commissioners of his Majesty's Woods and Forests, and Land Revenues, it appears that where oaks have been mixed with firs, the former have derived so much benefit from the shelter afforded by the latter, that in almost all cases the oaks have so far outgrown their neighbours as completely to obviate any objections that might be made to the planting of firs on account of their supposed injury to the beauty of the forest scenery. The most watchful attention, however, will be required to thin out the firs, before they either overgrow the oaks, or draw them up to a height disproportioned to the strength of the stem, and such thinnings must be executed in the first instance, without regard being had to the whole of the produce, which, for a few years, would probably not defray their expenses."

"We have much pleasure in stating, that in consequence of the very active measures taken by the Commissioners, within the last few years, for the improvement of the Royal Forests, and of the purchase of freehold lands applicable to the growth of oak, the whole extent of land belonging to the Crown, now actually in timber or young plantations, amounts to 51,627 acres; and from some new inclosures to be made in New, Dean, and Wool-

mer Forests, it is expected that 11,000 acres may yet be added to this amount."

"Such are the beneficial results (as it respects the growth of *Nary Timber*), of the science and industry displayed by the Commissioners in the execution of the important task committed to their care. Having carefully perused their different triennial Reports, we cheerfully give our humble testimony to their meritorious and unceasing labours for the attainment of this great national object."

"The Commissioners, however, have not confined their attention to matters of utility only: with a view of ultimately restoring and perpetuating the scenery and enjoyment to the public of the Royal Parks of *Richmond, Hampton-Court, Bushy, and Greenwich*, they have caused a special survey to be made of these parks; and a great number of the trees being found to be in a state of progressive, and many of them of rapid decay, a competent sum of money is now annually appropriated towards stocking them with young and growing trees. In *Windsor Great Park*, plantations to a considerable extent had been made by the command and under the direction of his late Majesty, and these have been recently extended under the direction of the Commissioners. In *Hyde Park* also similar improvements have been made by the Ranger, under the direction of the Lords of the Treasury."

"Among the magnificent ornaments of our metropolis, commenced under the auspices of his present Majesty, while Regent, the Regent's Park ranks high in point of utility as well as beauty, and is an invaluable addition to the comforts and the pleasures of those who reside in the north-west quarter of London. It is no small praise to the Commissioners of Woods and Forests to say, that this Park is under their especial direction; and although, from the various difficulties they have necessarily encountered, they have not been enabled to carry into execution every part of their intended plan, they have done enough to entitle them to the lasting thanks of a grateful public. A park like a city, is not made in a day; and to posterity it must be left fully to appreciate the merits of those who designed and superintended this delightful metropolitan improvement."

Time's Telescope is also interspersed with pleasant anecdotes: for instance—

"The red cabbage stewed in veal broth is accounted upon the continent a specific cure against pulmonary complaints, and what is here called consumption. For this purpose red cabbage is especially cultivated in French kitchen gardens; to which, in the cooking, pistachios and calf's lights are added. This reminds us of an anecdote which passed current at the time we heard it: a young Roman catholic clergyman, rector of a country parish, was called upon to preach a sermon upon a grand solemnity, at which the bishop of the diocese, a cardinal, appeared in the Roman purple, surrounded by his clergy in their white surplices. The preacher performed his task to the approbation of every one. After the ceremony, his eminence, meeting him, seemed to wonder at his not having been abashed when in the presence of a cardinal in the full blaze of his red paraphernalia. The simple and honest clergyman replied: 'Your eminence will cease to wonder, when you know that I learnt my discourse by heart in my garden, and used to practise declamation

* There is, however, a clever frontispiece, and a Christmas Carol, set to music, on this occasion. The words of the Carol are too Springy, with their dew and sublimity, for the 30th of December.

before a plot of white cabbages, in the centre of which was a red one.—A preference was the reward of this witty answer.

"There was a very curious superstition among the antients concerning this plant. Athenæus says they used to swear by 'the prophetic cabbage,' but why it was so called no one can discover. Enpolis, quoted by Athenæus, goes further: he introduces this friendly formula of compellation, 'By the sacred cabbage I do love you,' and suspects this oath to have been peculiar to Ionia. It is not very easy to guess why superstition should have been attached to one of the most vulgar plants of the kitchen garden: for what has the monstrous head of a cabbage to do with the godhead?"

"April 1824. John Fewster died, a very respectable surgeon and apothecary at Thornbury. This gentleman is universally considered, in that neighbourhood, as the first person who noticed the effects of the vaccine virus. Many years past, a medical club was established at Thornbury, where gentlemen of that profession met each other, and communicated any fact or observation that had occurred in the course of their practice;—at one of these meetings, Mr. Fewster mentioned to the members present, that the hands of those persons who were employed in milking the cows in that great dairy neighbourhood contracted a complaint from the animal, appearing in the forms of pustules; and that persons so affected were not liable to the contagion of the small pox. Mr. Jenner, of Berkley, a brother Æsculapius, being struck with the relation, requested Mr. F. to investigate this curious fact more narrowly by a course of experiments; this Mr. F. declined on account of professional occupations, but pressed Mr. Jenner to do so. Fortunately for mankind, the advice was not neglected; and, from the skill and perseverance of this gentleman (afterwards Dr. Jenner) the blessings of the vaccine virus were distributed through the earth."

At page 260, under a head of lettuce, there is a recipe for making lobster salads: lobster scallops are a much better dish, and we request the Editor to state its component parts for his readers next year. Meanwhile, we shall extract some of his "Mustard."

"Of this there are three principal sorts, the *sinapis arvensis*, wild mustard or charlock; the *alba* or white mustard; and the *nigra*, the black or common sort. The first is commonly sold under the name of Durham mustard seed: the second is generally cultivated in gardens as a salad herb, for winter and spring use. The seed of the third kind reduced to powder forms the mustard used at our tables. In this state it will curdle milk and impregnate boiling water very strongly. Sow the seeds of the white mustard, which is the principal kind for salads, in very thick drills, upon a warm border, or in very cold weather upon a moderate hot-bed, and they will be fit for use in ten days or a fortnight.

"This warm salad and its seed were of great repute among antient cooks. Columella elegantly calls it *stetun factura sinapi*, the tear-creating mustard; and Plautus, on account of its pungent taste, names it *acelerata sinapi*, the wicked mustard. The etymology of mustard ought to be recorded. In 1382, Philip the Bold, Duke of Burgundy, going to march against his revolted neighbours, and Dijon having furnished for that expedition its quantum of 1000 armed men, the duke, in kind acknowledgment, granted to

the town, among other privileges, the permission of bearing his armorial ensigns with his motto, *moult me tarde*, 'I long, I wish ardently.' In consequence of this mark of princely condescension, the Dijonese municipality ordered the arms and motto to be beautifully sculptured over the principal gate of the city, which was done accordingly. But time, *tempus edax*, and that incessant drop of water which causes the destruction of the hardest stone, *non vi sed sæpe cadendo*, or some particular accident, having obliterated the middle word *me*, the remaining ones, *moult, tarde*, gave occasion to the name in the following manner. For a long lapse of time, the merchants of Dijon have been and are still great dealers in *sinapi*, or *sinapi* (mustard seed), and have a method of grinding it with salt, vinegar, and other ingredients, in order to preserve it and send it to all parts of the world. On their *sinapi*-pots they used to paste a label, ensigned with the Duke of Burgundy's arms and the motto as it accidentally remained then over the gate of the city, *moult-tarde*: hence the name which the *sinapi* composition has preserved to this day. It might be observed that the natural pungency of this little seed, expressed in Latin by *multum ardet*, and in old French by *moult arde*, 'it burns much,' might be taken as the real *theme* of the word. But it does not appear that the Dijonese were ever scholars enough to borrow from the tongue of Cicero a denomination for the object of their trade. However, in latter times, an eminent mustard-manufacturer of that place proved himself somewhat acquainted with Latin, since he wrote jocosely over his shop-door, *Multum tardat, Divio rixam*; that is, *Moult-tarde, Dijon-noise*; 'Dijon-mustard.' Pliny pretends that mustard is an antidote against venomous mushrooms.—*Tabella C. baria*."

These various selections will, we trust, serve to recommend Time's Telescope to farther encouragement. Those who peep into it will be very apt to prolong their view, and by so doing will see many things worthy of their attention.

English Life, or Manners at Home. In four Pictures. 2 vols. 12mo. London 1824. G. Wightman.

THERE is very considerable talent displayed in these pictures; there is a degree of nature about the portraits, and truth of colouring that speaks both tact and observation. "A Tale of Every-day Life" is to our taste the best of the four,* though "Lord William" is very happily written; and as its length is most compressible, we shall forthwith proceed to give extracts instead of criticism.

"Lord William Bouverie was not excessively handsome, but he was allowed to be a strikingly elegant man, by those whose vision was not affected by his thirty thousand a-year. He was very tall, and it seemed that Nature had stamped him for a warrior, by giving him the air and figure of one. 'He had seen battles,' and knew practically the difference between the rough earth and the down bed. Alfieri himself had not finer hair—light, varnished, and curled. If a lady had to seek an excuse for her notorious penchant for Lord William, she always referred to his hair. It was a sort of *coma Berenice* in the hemisphere

of fashion, to which many a votary paid open idolatry. His manners were rather reserved, on recent acquaintance, but were said to be warm and frank on intimacy. He did not talk much generally; but some few discoursed largely of his eloquence. Altogether he was set down by the matrons in general as a shy man, and they dealt with him accordingly.

"Lord William was five or six and twenty; there were disputes as to the minute accuracy of this opinion, but rumour never floated beyond these two years; the matter, however, is not important to a few months. He had a splendid mansion in the Mall, and two fine seats. There had been peace some time; and he was said to be a man of domestic habits: but he was not married.

"Many an anxious mother could lay her hand on her heart, and conscientiously profess that this was no fault of hers. Very few stars had risen on the horizon, to which the eye of Lord William had not been directed by some judicious friends of the pretty sparkler; but, in short, he had not married, and those who were disappointed, emphatically whispered their belief, that he was not a marrying man. But this did not deter others from making the attempt, or from lamenting a failure which they had courted in the face of a Cassandra-fated prediction. Some, weary of the chase, had accepted five or ten thousand a-year elsewhere; some were judiciously angling for silver fish, since the golden would not bite; some still hesitated not, by a dashing effort, to avow, that their admiration was as inflexible as his invulnerability; some better tutored, languished timidly; and one or two privileged romps made love to him *de plein ail*.

"The introduction of Augusta Effingham into the higher circles had occasioned great sensation. She was beautiful—very beautiful, uniting the perfectly chiselled form of the Medicean statue to the brilliant colouring of Rubens' females. She was very tall, and though slender, not thin. She had the complexion of Aurora, and the Cerean eyes and the golden locks of the morning. She was a perfect specimen of the highest character of British beauty. She had, to use somebody's expression, sweet manners; she danced, and sang, and played—almost well enough for a professor. Nobody doubted that Miss Effingham was a new aspirant to the honours to be bestowed by Lord William Bouverie. Many a fair one withdrew from the competition, convinced that rivalry was hopeless. The fair debutante expressed no concern to see 'this glass of fashion': he was now in the country, and nothing could be happier than her indifference. She played always, with smiling assent, to any body who asked her, and she appeared to possess the difficult art of knowing when to have done. This conduct was very judicious, because many lady-performers chose never to approach an instrument except Lord William conducted them to it. Miss Effingham thus secured to herself many friends, and a popularity to which there was scarcely one dissentient voice.

"Lady Effingham, Augusta's mother, had been introduced to Mr. Lumley, an intimate acquaintance of Lord William's—a frank-hearted, gay young man, who liked nothing better than dancing with so pretty a girl as Augusta. He was intended for the bar, and was engaged to a female in the country, to whom, in spite of his flirtations, he was devotedly attached. Lady Effingham having ascertained this point to her satisfaction, soon

* There is nevertheless a very dull ball in it: at page 106 the writer of auto-biography expresses his own hope and belief that he has died a humble Christian. This is posthumous indeed.

contrived that he should have the entrée into her mansion. He was often there, and Augusta was so good-humoured and obliging that she quite won all this young man's affection that he could spare from what he owed to his own liege lady—his peculiar lady. He was the best *prouneur* in the world. He felt warmly; and as what he spoke was no exaggerated picture of his feelings, it bore the stamp of sincerity, and told to the convictions of all, in a way that the most elaborate eulogy, pronounced by a colder-hearted person, or in a more critical vein, never could have done. The securing of Mr. Lumley was a master-stroke."

Lord William is soon introduced to the managing mamma and manageable daughter; and the result of the interview is thus described in a conversation between Augusta and her cousin Cornelia:

"On her return home, Augusta ran up stairs into her dressing-room; she entered with a lively step, and she found the person she expected.

"So, Cornelia! reading, my dear? always books, books! You can't think how much you would improve by casting your eyes now and then upon the naughty creatures of this wicked world. Such an evening we have had, Cornelia! You would have enjoyed it!"

"Cornelia smiled placidly, and she cast a glance on the deep mourning of her dress.

"True, true, my dear," said Augusta rapidly. "I do not mean to argue or persuade you into the indecency of going out at present. I intended only to say, how much, if circumstances had been possible, you would have enjoyed this delightful evening."

"Perhaps not," returned the person addressed:—"you know, my dear Augusta, how wretchedly obsolete are my tastes and opinions. I am not fit for courts. I almost think nature intended me for a parsonage and a yard of poultry."

"This was spoken half-smilingly—half sadly.

"I thank the gods that they certainly had no such kind intentions on my behalf," returned Augusta, accepting the assistance of her companion in disrobing,—for in truth Cornelia had sat up for this very purpose, in order to afford a night of complete rest to Augusta's maid, who had been up during the whole of the preceding night.—"I have a vast fancy now, that I was cut out for courts, and courts only.—Oh, ye fairies of jewels and lace! what bright hopes are palpitating at this little heart of mine just now."—"Have you seen Lord William?" asked Cornelia. Augusta turned round, and laughed immoderately. "Yes, my dear sweet coz, the lachrymose countenance, and the nightingale voice; verily I have seen his mightiness—the grand sultan of the female part of this, the British community—the superb Osmyn—the magnificent Soliman—to say nothing of the pride of half-a-dozen Viziers and Pachas,—yes—I have seen this man, who—who who will not throw the handkerchief!"

"Cornelia looked grave.

"I deserve no reproaches, coz," said Augusta, in the same lively manner. "I protest to you, by yea and nay, that fifty pretty misses of gentle blood looked vastly willing to take it. Such a scene of courting there never was, Cornelia, since the white men first landed amongst the black women. We were so pelted by a half-storm of sighs and smiles, and frowns, and die-away glances—not to mention an ominous thunder-cloud and two or three flashes of lightning, that if our

divinities had not been storm proof, we could not but have expired."

"And Lord William,—what is Lord William like?"

"Like! let me see—why, like—William the Conqueror,—or the Irish giant—or—in short, like any very tall man who has two handsome legs to walk withal."

"Your definition is certainly satisfactory; give me a less comprehensive answer—now I ask, do you like him?"

"Verily, yea,—well enough as a man, and as times go. My dear mamma says, love is absurd, and has nothing to do out of the country. I shall never love aught, my coz., half so well as this pretty person of mine; except, perchance, I decline from that resolution in favour of the carriages, the jewels the house in town, the houses in the country, and—the thirty thousand a year of—my Lady William Bonverrie!"

"Oh, poor Lord William!" sighed Cornelia.

"Poor Lord William!—rich Lord William, I think, more especially if he should prevail on my pretty ladyship to head the articles of the inventory of his goods and chattels."

"But the man—the man, my cousin!"

"The man, I tell thee, Cornelia, is a good sort of a lordly-looking man enough—shows white teeth when he laughs—a white forehead when he frowns—fine hair when he stoops—a fine figure when he stands; talks sense too—very superlative sense, I assure thee, coz. Heigh-ho! I ambition not a tête-à-tête with my Lord William."

"Cornelia made no reply, and they parted.

"Lord William after this eventful night was a frequent visitor at the house of Lady Effingham. The world already assigned to Augusta the credit of making this valuable capture. There was much envying—there were many whispers; some pitied Lord William—some congratulated the lady mother on her adroitness, and the daughter on her manageableness; some laughed—some sighed, but all seemed to agree, that by an unexceptionable system of politics, Lord William was certainly ma-nag-ed."

Unfortunately Lord William sees Cornelia, whose retired habits and refined taste accord with his feelings much better than the volatile and fashionable ones of Augusta. Honour on the gentleman's part, delicacy on the lady's, produce a most interesting degree of despair and resignation. However, the young, handsome, and more than all, rich Duke of Montolieu, comes in the way, and the result is very well told:

"Lady Effingham was very soon in a reverie. Now dazzling was the vista that suddenly opened itself to her view! Lord William with thirty thousand a year and a title bestowed only by courtesy, was certainly an excellent match, considering the aspect of the age. But a ducal coronet and a rent-roll of above a hundred thousand per annum! Who that was blest with a sane mind, could fail to perceive the immense disproportion of advantage, and seeing to profit?"

"From this day there was an entire change of operations. No longer was Augusta constrained to pass her mornings in dull readings with Lord William, or in duller rides into the country. She was driving in Bond-street, Saint James's, and the Park; the Duke of Montolieu was seen generally riding by the side of her carriage on a superb charger, with his hand on the window near which she sat. In the evening, instead of being at home to

Lord William alone, she was making one of five hundred at the *at homes* of some dashing woman of quality, who permitted waltzing with all its foreign familiarity; and Augusta was constantly attended by the Duke. With a heart throbbing with exultation and hope, Lady Effingham saw that a ducal coronet was kept from the possession of her daughter only by the intervention of one obstacle—the notorious fact of her engagement to Lord William. The dissolution of this was now become a matter of necessity, and to effect it dexterously, became immediately her aim."

The finale may soon be guessed: the Duke weds Augusta—Lord William, Cornelia; and the tale ends with all parties paired and matched.

The last tale is the one we like least. We entirely disapprove of a subject so serious as religion being brought forward into a work of mere amusement; and the paragraph about novels is both affected and inconsistent. One simple question must show the absurdity of arguments so very ill placed: If this author dislikes novels, why does he, or she, write them?

DALLAS'S RECOLLECTIONS OF BYRON.

[Second Notice.—Conclusion.]

THE aristocratic pride of Lord Byron was not the least striking trait in his character; on the contrary it had a predominating influence on all his actions. When he stooped to those degrading personal associations which blasted his later years, he foolishly flattered himself that he was only condescending, and that the public would look upon him as one undefined by the act. When he found it was otherwise, he repented bitterly; but instead of casting the slough, and endeavouring to regain a higher station, his disappointment vented itself in contumacious usage of his parasites, and an assumed contempt of the world's opinions. Similar feelings seem to have operated at all periods of his unhappy life. Mr. Dallas says of his return to England in 1811—

"He expected little pleasure in coming home, though he brought a spirit still unbroken. He dreaded the trouble he should have to encounter in the arrangement of his affairs. His *Satire* was at that time in the fourth edition; and at that period, being able to think and act more coolly, he affected to feel sorry that he had written it. This was, however, an immense sacrifice to a vague sense of propriety, as is clear from his having even then in his possession an imitation of Horace's *Art of Poetry*, ready for the press, which was nothing but a continuation of the *Satire*; and also from the subsequent preparation of a fifth edition of the very work which he professed to regret having written."

"Lord Byron frequently exercised his wit upon the subject of a young man of the name of Blackett—so poor that he worked in a garret, as a shoemaker, and did not procure sufficient employment to make life tolerably comfortable; in spite of which he married, and had children. In his unoccupied hours he made verses as well as shoes. Some of these found their way into the hands of Mr. Pratt, himself a successful writer, whose benevolence and enthusiasm always equalled, and sometimes outstripped his judgment. He immediately saw latent genius in those essays of an uneducated man, sought him, became confirmed in the opinion he had formed, and, doubly excited by the miserable state in which he found him, resolved to do him all

the service that his pen and influence could effect publicly and privately. He collected a volume of his writings sufficient to form the foundation of a subscription, which soon became so ample as to lower him from his attic. --- Other patrons and patronesses appeared; and it is a curious incident that one of the latter, then a perfect stranger to Lord Byron, should afterwards become his wife. That lady and her parents were very kind to Blackett; invited him, as I was informed, to the country where their estates lie, and accommodated him with a cottage to reside in. The poor fellow's constitution, either originally weak, or undermined by the hardships of poverty, failed him at a very early period of life."

He soon after died; and Mr. D. adds—"In spite of the ridicule of Lord Byron, and my Ionian friend, as Lord Byron called Walter Wright, I saw, or was persuaded by Mr. Pratt's warmth to see, some sparkling of genius in the effusions of this young man. It was upon this that Lord Byron and a young friend of his were sometimes playful in conversation; and, in writing to me, 'I see,' says the latter, 'that Blackett the Son of Crispin and Apollo is dead. Looking into Boswell's Life of Johnson the other day, I saw, 'We were talking about the famous Mr. Wordsworth, the poetical Shoemaker;—Now, I never before heard that there had been a Mr. Wordsworth a Poet, a Shoemaker, or a famous man; and I dare say you have never heard of him. Thus it will be with Bloomfield and Blackett—their names two years after their death will be found neither on the rolls of Carriers' Hall nor of Parnassus. Who would think that any body would be such a blockhead as to sin against an express proverb, 'Ne sutor ultra crepidam!'"

But spare him, ye Critics, his follies are past, For the Cobbler is come, as he ought, to his last.

Which two lines, with a scratch under *last*, to show where the joke lies, I beg that you will prevail on Miss Milbank to have inserted on the tomb of her departed Blackett."

It is wonderful, if Dallas executed this commission, that a lady of Miss Milbank's intelligence should ever have been induced to link her fate to that of so heartless a jester. Of the paraphrase of Horace's *Art of Poetry*, alluded to in the foregoing, a specimen is given; but it is very mediocre, and would not warrant quotation. Mr. D. relates, that expressing his surprise at Lord Byron's not having written any thing else, "he told me that he had occasionally written short poems, besides a great many stanzas in Spenser's measure, relative to the countries he had visited.

"They are not worth troubling you with, but you shall have them all with you if you like." So came I by *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*. He took it from a small trunk, with a number of verses. He said they had been read but by one person, who had found very little to commend, and much to condemn: that he himself was of that opinion, and he was sure I should be so too. Such as it was, however, it was at my service."

So little did the author and his friend, Mr. Hobhouse, estimate what raised the former to his pinnacle of popularity! Mr. Dallas thought better of it, and set in earnest about getting it published. Mr. Miller refused it; and when this was reported to the author, his scruples and apprehensions of injuring his fame (which he wished to rest more on the poor Satire after Horace) returned; and it

was not without persuasion that he agreed to the MS. being offered elsewhere. It was sent to Mr. Murray, and finally, though not without objections and alterations,* published by him, with what éclat is well remembered.

We, therefore, in preference to pursuing this part of the Recollections, revert to the more private circumstances of the Poet's career. About this period he lost his mother, and two intimate friends within one month; and his letters represent him in the following light:

"He could not restore them by regret, and therefore, with a sigh to the departed, he struggled to return to the heavy routine of life, in the sure expectation that all would one day have their repose. He felt that his grief was selfish. He wished to think upon any subject except death—he was satiated with that. Having always four skulls in his library, he could look on them without emotion; but he could not allow his imagination to take off the fleshy covering from those of his friends, without a horrible sensation; and he thought that the Romans were right in burning their deceased friends."

Mr. Dallas, in his Correspondence, tries to impress religious consolations on his mind; but

"Lord Byron noticed, indeed, what I had written, but in a very discouraging manner. He would have nothing to do with the subject—we should all go down together, he said, 'So (quoting St. Paul) let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die;—he felt satisfied in his creed, for it was better to sleep than to wake."

"Such were the opinions which occasionally manifested themselves in this unhappy young man, and which gave me a degree of pain proportioned to the affection I could not but feel for him; while my hopes of his ultimately breaking from the trammels of infidelity, which were never relinquished, received from time to time fresh excitement from some expressions that appeared to me to have an opposite tendency. He frequently resorted to his playful rallery upon the subject of my co-operation in the murder, as he called it, of poor Blackett. Upon one occasion, he mentioned him in opposition to Kirke White, whom, setting aside what he called his bigotry, he classed with Chatterton. He expressed wonder that White was so little known at Cambridge, where he said nobody knew any

thing about him until his death. He added, that for himself, he should have taken pride in making his acquaintance, and that his very prejudices were calculated to render him respectable. Such occasional expressions as these, in spite of the inconsistency which they displayed, furnished food for my hope that I should one day see him sincerely embracing Christianity, and escaping from the vortex of the Atheistical society, in which, having entered at all, it was only wonderful to me that he was so moderate in his expressions as in general he had hitherto been. He told me that both his friend, Juvenal Hodgson, and myself, had beset him upon the subject of religion, and that my warmth was nothing, compared to his fire—his reward would surely be great in heaven, he said, if he were half as careful in the matter of his own salvation, as he was voluntarily anxious concerning his friends. Lord Byron added, that he gave honour to us both, but conviction to neither. ---

"The manner in which Lord Byron expressed his particular feelings respecting his own life, was melancholy to a painful degree. At one time, he said, that he was about to visit Cambridge, but that M*** was gone, and Hobhouse was also absent; and except the person who had invited him, there was scarcely any to welcome him. From this his thoughts fell into a gloomy channel—he was alone in the world, and only three-and-twenty; he could be no more than alone, when he should have nearly finished his course; he had, it was true, youth to begin again with, but he had no one with whom to call back the laughing period of his existence. He was struck with the singular circumstance that few of his friends had had a quiet death; but a quiet life, he said, was more important. He afterwards acknowledged that he felt his life had been altogether opposed to propriety, and even decency; and that it was now become a dreary blank, with his friends gone, either by death or estrangement."

This is a sad picture, and in a work, too, the writer of which tells us he thinks calculated to exalt the character of its subject, Lord Byron!!

When his Lordship had screwed up his courage to make his maiden speech in the House of Peers on the Nottingham Frame Breaking Bill, his biographer says—

"He not only meditated, but wrote an oration, being afraid to trust his feelings in the assembly he was to address, with an extemporaneous effusion at first. He occasionally spoke parts of it when we were alone; but his delivery changed my opinion of his power as to eloquence, and checked my hope of his success in Parliament. He altered the natural tone of his voice, which was sweet and round, into a formal drawl, and he prepared his features for a part—it was a youth declaiming a task. This was the more perceptible, as in common conversation he was remarkably easy and natural; it was a fault contracted in the studied delivery of speeches from memory, which has been lately so much attended to in the education of boys."

It is known that, however prepared, his Lordship produced no effect as an orator; and among other freaks, we find him, not long after his failure in this respect, planning and actually beginning to write a Novel! The example given of it seems to aim at point and antithesis, but not with striking success. The *Corsair*, in 1814, was a much more

* Among the verses omitted were these:
In golden characters right well design'd
First on the list appeareth one "Junot;"
Then certain other glorious names we find;
(Which rhyme compelleth me to place below)
Dull victors! baffled by a vanquish'd foe,
Wheelled by conyng tongues of laurels due,
Stand, worthy of each other, in a row—
Sirs Arthur, Harry, and the dizzard Hew
Dairymple, seely wight, some dupe of t'other tew.

But when Convention sent his handy work
Pena, tongues, feet, hands, combined in wild uproar;
Mayor, Aldermen, laid down th' uplifted fork;
The Bench of Bishops half forgot to snore;
Stern Cobbett, who for one whole week forbore
To question aught, once more with transport leap'd,
And bit his devilish quill agen, and swore
With foe such treasy never should be kept.
Then burst the blatant beast, and roar'd, and raged,
and—slept!!

Thus unto heaven appeal'd the people; heaven,
Which loves the lieges of our gracious King,
Decreed that ere our generals were forgiven,
Inquiry should be held about the thing.
But Mercy cloak'd the babes beneath her wing;
And as they spared our foes so spared we them.
(Where was the pity of our sires for Byng?)
Yet knaves, nor idiots, should the law condemn.
Then triumph, gallant knights! and bless your judges' phlegm.

congenial work. Several thousand copies were sold on the first day; and Mr. D. records that "in the original MS. the chief female character was called Francesca, in whose person he meant to delineate one of his acquaintance; but, before the poem went to the press, he changed the name to *Medora*."

Mr. Dallas's recollections now approach a close. He says—

"Lord Byron left England in the year 1816, and I trace him personally no farther. I continued to read his new poems with great pleasure, as they appeared, till he published the two first [first two] cantos of *Don Juan*, which I read with a sorrow that admiration could not compensate. His muse, his British muse, had disdained licentiousness and the prurience of petty wits; but with petty wits he had now begun to amalgamate his pure and lofty genius. Yet he did not long continue to alloy his golden ore with the filthy dross of impure metals; whatever errors he fell into, whatever sins he at his door, he occasionally burst through his impurities, as he proceeded in that wonderful and extraordinary medley, in which we at once feel the poet and see the man: no eulogy will reach his towering height in the former character; no eulogy dictated by friendship and merited for claims which truth can avow, will, I fear, cover the—I have no word, I will use none—that has been fastened upon him in the latter. The fact is, that he was like most men, a mixed character; and that, on either side, mediocrity was out of his nature. If his pen were sometimes virulent and invidious, his heart was always benevolent, and his sentiments sometimes apparently pious. Nay, he would have been pious,—he would have been a Christian, had he not fallen into the hands of atheists and scoffers. . . .

"There was something of a pride in him which carried him beyond the common sphere of thought and feeling. And the excess of this characteristic pride bore away, like a whirlwind, even the justest feelings of our nature; but it could not root them entirely from his heart. In vain did he defy his country and hold his countrymen in scorn; the choice he made of the motto for *Childe Harold* evinces that patriotism had taken root in his mind. The visions of an Utopia in his untravelled fancy deprived reality of its charm; but when he awakened to the state of the world, what said he? 'I have seen the most celebrated countries in the world, and have learned to prefer and to love my own.' In vain too was he led into the defiance of the sacred writings; there are passages in his letters and in his works which show that religion might have been in his soul. . . .

"I have suffered Time to make a progress unfriendly to the subject to which I had attached so great an interest. Had Providence vouchsafed me the happiness of recording of Lord Byron, from my own knowledge, the renovation of his mind and character, which was the object of my last letter to him, my delight would have supplied me with energy and spirits to continue my narrative, and my observations. Of his course of life subsequent I will not write upon hearsay; but I cannot refrain from expressing my grief, disappointment, and wonder, at the direction which was given to it by the impulse of his brilliant success as a Poet. It seemed not only to confirm him in his infidelity, but to set him loose from social ties, and render him indifferent to every other praise than that of poetical genius. I am not singular in the

cooling of his friendship, if it be not derogatory to call by that name any transient feeling he may have expressed; and his intended posthumous volume will, probably, show this, if he has not, in consequence of what I said to him in my last letter, altered or abandoned it. In the dedications of his poems there is no sincerity; he had neither respect nor regard for the persons to whom they are addressed; and Lord Holland, Rogers, Davies, and Hobhouse, if earthly knowledge becomes intuitive on retrospection, will see on what grounds I say this, and nod the recognition, and I trust forgiveness of heavenly spirits, if heavenly theirs become, to the wondering Poet with whose works their names are swimming down the stream of Time. He and they shall have my nod too on the occasion, if, let me humbly add, my prayers shall have availed me beyond the grave."

This nodding conclusion is, we confess, a little obscure to us; but we know that if Lord B. (as we believe he did) expressed at times contempt for the persons just named, he was no less sparing of Mr. Dallas. In short, it was the chance of the moment whether he lavished encomium or abuse.

Tales of Modern Days. By E. Barber. London 1824. Sherwood & Jones.

VERY pleasingly written, this little volume may be put with advantage into the hands of any young person. The Robber's Child is a very pretty tale; throughout, the language is good and the morality unexceptionable.

SIGHTS OF BOOKS.

Italy, a Poem, by S. Rogers,* has just attained a marked poetical and popular consummation, i. e. a fourth edition; and we notice it for the sake of quoting a character of Lord Byron, introduced into the part entitled "Bologna:"

Thy thousand cries,†
So well portrayed and by a son of thine,
Whose voice had swelled the hubbub in his youth,
Were hushed, Bologna, silence in the streets,
The squares, when hark, the clattering of feet
And soon a courier, posting as from far, [hoofs;
Housing and holster, boot and belted coat,
And doublet, stained with many a various soil,
Stopt and alighted. 'Twas where hangs aloft
That ancient sign, the Pilgrim, welcoming
All who arrive there, all perhaps save those
Clad like himself, with staff and scallop-shell,
Those on a pilgrimage: and now approached
Wheels, thro' the lofty porticoes resounding,
Arch beyond arch, a shelter or a shade
As the sky changes. To the gate they came;
And, ere the man had half his story done,
Mine host received the Master—one long used
To sojourn among strangers, every where
(Go where he would, along the wildest track)
Flinging a charm that shall not soon be lost,
And leaving footsteps to be traced by those
Who love the haunts of Genius; one who saw,
Observed, nor shunned the busy scenes of life,
But mingled not, and mid the din, the stir,
Lived as a separate Spirit.

Much had passed
Since last we parted; and those five short years—
Much had they told! His clustering locks were
turn'd

Grey; nor did aught recall the Youth that swam
From Sestos to Abydos. Yet his voice,
Still it was sweet; still from his eye the thought
Flashed lightning-like, nor lingered on the way,
Waiting for words. Far, far into the night
We sat, conversing—no unwelcome hour,

* 12mo. Murray.

† See the *Cries of Bologna*, as drawn by Annibal Carnacci. He was of very humble origin; and, to correct his brother's vanity, once sent him a portrait of their father, the tailor, threading his needle.

The hour we met; and, when Aurora rose,
Rising, we climbed the rugged Apennine.

Well I remember how the golden sun
Filled with its beams the unfathomable gulphs
As on we travelled, and along the ridge,
Mid groves of cork and cistus and wild fig,
His motley household came—Not last nor least,
Battista, who upon the moonlight-sea
Of Venice, had so ably, zealously,
Served, and, at parting, flung his oar away
To follow thro' the world; who without stain
Had worn so long that honourable badge,*
The gondolier's, in a Patrician House
Arguing unlimited trust.—Not last nor least,
Thou, tho' declining in thy beauty and strength,
Faithful Moretto, to the latest hour
Guarding his chamber-door, and now along
The silent, sullen strand of Missolonghi
Howling in grief.

He had just left that place
Of old renown, once in the Adrian sea,†
Ravenna; where, from Dante's sacred tomb
He had so oft, as many a verse declares,‡
Drawn inspiration; where, at twilight-time,
Thro' the pine-forest wandering with loose rein,
Wandering and lost, he had so oft beheld §
(What is not visible to a Poet's eye?) ¶
The spectre-knight, the hell-hounds and their
The chase, the slaughter, and the festal mirth
Suddenly blasted. 'Twas a theme he loved,
But others claimed their turn; and many a tower,
Shattered, uprooted from its native rock,
Its strength the pride of some heroic age,
Appeared and vanished (many a sturdy steer||
Yoked and unyoked) while as in happier days
He poured his spirit forth. The past forgot,
All was enjoyment. Not a cloud obscured
Present or future.

He is now at rest;
And praise and blame fall on his ear alike,
Now dull in death. Yes, Byron, thou art gone,
Gone like a star that thro' the firmament
Shot and was lost, in its eccentric course
Dazzling, perplexing. Yet thy heart, methinks,
Was generous, noble—noble in its scorn
Of all things low or little; nothing there
Sordid or servile. If imagined wrongs
Pursued thee, urging thee sometimes to do
Things long regretted, oft, as many know,
None more than thy, thy gratitude would build
On slight foundations: and, if in thy life
Not happy, in thy death thou surely wert,
Thy wish accomplished; dying in the land
Where thy young mind had caught ethereal fire,
Dying in Greece, and in a cause so glorious!

They in thy train—ah, little did they think,
As round we went, that they so soon should sit
Mourning beside thee, while a Nation mourned,
Changing her festal for her funeral song;
That they so soon should hear the minute-gun,
As morning gleamed on what remained of thee,
Roll o'er the sea, the mountains, numbering
Thy years of joy and sorrow.

Thou art gone;
And he who would assail thee in thy grave,
Oh, let him pause! For who among us all,
Tried as thou wert—even from thine earliest

years,
When wandering, yet unspoilt, a highland-boy—
Tried as thou wert, and with thy soul of flame;
Pleasure, while yet the down was on thy cheek,
Uplifting, pressing, and to lips like thine,
Her charmed cup—ah, who among us all
Could say he had not erred as much, and more?

* The principal gondolier, il fante di poppa, was almost always in the confidence of his master, and employed on occasions that required judgment and address.

† Adriaticum mare.—Cic.

‡ See the Prophecy of Dante.

§ See the tale as told by Boccaccio and Dryden.

¶ They wait for the traveller's carriage at the foot of every hill.

The Impracticability of a North-west Passage for Ships, impartially considered, though an anonymous is an able and dispassionate pamphlet. The writer controverts the opinions of Mr. Barrow, and some of those main-

tained in the able articles of the *Quarterly Review* upon the subject, which he contends are sometimes contradictory and always too sanguine. There is a great deal of practical knowledge displayed; and we are grieved to say that the arguments have had much weight on our mind, contrary to our hopes and wishes.

*The History of Origins, &c.** by a Literary Antiquary, is a useful little book, and pretty correctly put together. It contains a number of historical anecdotes; and in giving the derivation of words, often illustrates very pleasantly the customs of remote ages.

* 12mo. Sampson Low.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

VOYAGE TO THE ARCTIC CIRCLE.—VIII.

THE second winter of the Expedition commenced like the first. The ships were laid up and covered over in latitude $69^{\circ} 20' 42''$ longitude $81^{\circ} 44' 34''$. A tribe of Esquimaux was settled in huts at no great distance, and the constant intercourse with these people served to divert the ennui of the unvarying season. In November 1822, Mr. Fisher relates—

"An instance of the evil attending polygamy occurred at the Esquimaux huts a few days ago. Two wives of one of the men had quarrelled and proceeded to blows, when their husband happening to come upon them, savage-like, took his knife and cut one of them shockingly across the forehead, and with the same weapon sadly mangled one of the hands of the other. To do justice, however, to the Esquimaux character, acts of brutal ferocity occur but rarely, for this is the only instance of the kind that has taken place since we became acquainted with them; and as a proof that they hold such acts in detestation, the man above mentioned is so ashamed of his conduct that he has not since visited the ships, but has been making enquiries as to what we think of the matter, while one of his sons, we are told, got hold of the knife with which the mischief was done, and broke it to pieces."

The following are further extracts from the Journal:

"Dec. 11.—We have lately begun to grow mustard and cress on board, a crop of which, served out to-day, weighed 13lbs. 2oz.; so that every person in the ship had about three ounces and a half. And on the 19th of the same month, a crop was served out which weighed 18lbs. 4oz. or about five ounces to each person on board. As a crop takes only seven or eight days in growing, we may anticipate a good deal of benefit from such a quantity of fresh vegetable weekly. At any rate, should cases of scurvy occur, it will be of great importance as an antiscorbutic."

"Monday, 16th.—A paper was read to-day on the quarter-deck, from the Commander of the other ship, charging some of the officers of the expedition with not paying him sufficient respect when they meet him on the ice: alluding, I understand, to their having omitted to take off their caps on these occasions. . . ."

"Saturday, 21st.—The shortest day of the winter is at length nearly past, an event that we have for some time been looking forward to, as a desirable one to get over. The weather being tolerably clear, the twilight at noon was sufficiently strong to enable us to read any sized print by it. It was not, however, so powerful as to prevent some stars

being seen, for I saw Jupiter very plainly at twelve o'clock."

"Friday, Jan. 3, 1823.—Notwithstanding our sequestered situation, the merry times of Christmas and New-year's-day were kept up by our little community with the hilarity usually observed on these occasions. Nothing else occurred deserving of any particular notice, except that the weather for some days past has been very cold, the thermometer to-day at noon being 43° below zero; and at six o'clock this morning it was 45° below that point, which is the greatest degree of cold that we have registered this voyage. . . ."

"Saturday, Jan. 11th.—A very interesting sight was seen to-day from a hill a little distance from the ships, namely, the re-appearance of the sun, of whose cheering influence we had been deprived for forty days past. We heard to-day that an Esquimaux child died at the huts two days ago, probably of indigestion, or, literally speaking, of being crammed to death; for the mother, having lost her milk, to prevent starvation had forced upon it some walrus' flesh, which the poor infant was unable to digest."

In January, a native woman died on board one of the ships, leaving a child about a year old, which our countrymen tried to preserve, and respecting which there are some curious particulars.

"What is most distressing (says our Journal) is, that she has left a sucking child, which unfortunately happens to be a girl, so that I am much afraid none of the other women of the tribe can be prevailed upon to bring it up. The father of the child, indeed, seems to be quite aware of that circumstance, for on being asked what he intended to do with it, he very coolly replied, (as if it were a matter of course,) that it should be buried with its mother! And on our telling him that we could not allow that to be done, he said that then we might keep it; by which he evidently signified that if he was not to be allowed to dispose of the child in his own way, he disclaimed having any further charge of it; but his wish seemed to be, that it should be interred with its mother, for he said that they would go to *Chillaub* together, which word, if we understand them rightly, means heaven. But as this is the only instance I have known of their expressing any idea of a future state, I think our interpretation of the word *Chillaub* ought to be received with some caution, that is, as a matter of probability, not of certainty."

The deceased left also a daughter about fourteen years of age, and Mr. F. states—

"Both her husband and daughter appeared, for a short time, to be deeply afflicted: the youthful mind of the latter, in particular, was very much oppressed, as might be plainly seen by her sobbing, sighing, and the floods of tears that trickled down her cheeks. Her father seemed to bear his loss with manly fortitude, for his symptoms of grief were very moderate, and, as I have already said, appeared to be of short duration. After his first transports of grief were over, he began to dress the deceased, (she being naked at the time she died,) in order to prepare for her burial, which took place in the course of the afternoon. Before he began the operation of dressing, he stuffed his nostrils with deer's hair which he pulled off his jacket, and put on his gloves, so careful was he that he should not touch the body of the deceased with his naked hands. On seeing us touch it whilst assisting him, he took his gloves off

again, as if ashamed to see us doing what he endeavoured to avoid. He was very careful, however, that the clothes should be put on properly, for after the corpse was nearly dressed, he discovered that he had put the left boot on the right foot, which mistake he immediately rectified. After being dressed, the corpse was sewed up in a hammock, and while this was doing, he seemed to wish that the sail-maker would make longer stitches, which at the time I thought was in order that the operation might be sooner done; but we afterwards found that it was from some other motive, probably from an idea that the body should not be confined; for after it was laid in the grave, he cut the stitches of the hammock, and then laid the knife upon it to be buried with it. As some of the bodies which we examined at Repulse Bay were buried with their faces downwards, we asked him very particularly which way he wished the corpse to be laid; and, contrary to what might be expected from the instances alluded to, he said he wished it to be laid with the face upwards. As the grave was only about eighteen inches deep, (it being impossible to penetrate any farther without a good deal of trouble, on account of the frost,) it was covered with a pile of stones. The poor man stood silently looking on while all this was doing; but we afterwards learnt that he disapproved of our laying such a load of stones on the body. It is indeed quite contrary to the manner in which they themselves bury their dead; for their graves, as has been already mentioned, we found to be constructed of loose stones in the form of a vault, inside of which the body is laid, without being covered with any thing except its clothes. . . . After our people had left the grave, the husband of the deceased remained by it for a short time; and in order to see if he performed any ceremonies, or what his object might be for remaining, I stopped also; but the only thing I observed was his muttering something, which, from the seriousness of his countenance, I supposed to be a sort of prayer. The only word I understood was *cuiana*, which I believe signifies thanks. The poor man appeared to be at this time so oppressed with grief, that even if they have any ceremonies on these occasions, it is possible, from the state he was in, that he might overlook them; and unfortunately there were no other Esquimaux at the ship to-day except his daughter, who remained on board to take care of the child. Soon after we returned to the ship we found the child had a small black mark (about the size of a finger nail) on the forehead, directly between the eyes. On inquiring of the father what he had put this on for, he said, as well as we could understand, that it was to show that the child had lost its mother."

"25th. A sister of the deceased came on board to-day, and on entering the cabin where her sister died, she burst into a loud lamentation, which soon ended in sighs and tears, in which mournful scene the young girl and her father joined. They said that at the end of three days they would visit the grave of

* "This was the deceased's own knife, which she got, I understand, but a short time before she died. For what purpose it was buried with her I have not been able to learn; but it appears to be with a view of being of use to her in the shades where they suppose their dead to go. And whatever sort of places they may fancy these abodes to be, the circumstance of their burying useful articles, such as that in question, with their dead, seems to argue that they have an idea of a future state."

† "This mark was made by a little snout from off the bottom of one of the tin cooking pots."

the deceased, and until then the child was not to be washed. One of the women who was at the ship to-day offered to give it her breast, which it refused. It was however several times during the day fed with a little soup; but about nine o'clock in the evening it died. In the agonies of death it several times repeated the word *ammama!* or mother, which its father told us was owing to its having seen its (deceased) mother come for it. - -

"We heard to-day also that a considerable part of the body of the woman who died a few days ago, has been eaten by the dogs! It appears that she was covered only with a little snow, which these ravenous animals easily scraped off.* An officer who was at the butts to-day, however, found that they had covered the remains of the body with more snow, which they cemented together by throwing water upon it; and he also observed one of the fore legs of every dog tied up, in order to prevent them from scraping the snow off again, and devouring the remainder of the body.

"26th. The child which died on board here last evening, was buried on the ice this morning, about half a mile from the ship; and agreeably to the wishes of the father it was covered merely with snow. The only circumstance worthy of notice that I observed on this occasion, was the great difference in the old man's countenance. He now appears as if satisfied that the deceased are happy, and gone, to use his own expression, to Chiland together. On going over the ship's side with the corpse in his arms, this morning, he happened to strike its head against the gang way, at which he seemed much concerned, for he immediately examined the part struck as particularly as if the child was alive. This trifling circumstance I should not have probably noticed, were it not so decidedly a confirmation of what he said yesterday respecting stones being put on the child, which, according to his notions, would hurt its breast."

* I have since heard that one of the dogs, the principal aggressor in this business, has been killed by the owner; which circumstance, if true, must be rather a favourable trait in his character: for from what I have seen of their indifference about the dead, I should hardly have expected so much of them."

CONTRASTS AND COMPARISONS.—NO. I.

EVERY thing in nature is relative, good or bad, wise or foolish, prudent or discreet, by comparison; even pleasure and pain, happiness and misery, are relative; hardness, softness, cold, and heat, are only relatively so. Far be it, however, from us to go the length of a tub of ancient philosophers, and deny the existence of a positive quality in nature. In being less sceptical, we will try to be more useful, and instead of amusing ourselves and wearying our readers with the *quiddities* of the schools, we will offer to their notice the Contrasts and Comparisons that have struck us in our journey through life, and our travels through various countries. In every country, even the most uncivilized, there is something for another country to learn, something that may be offered as a model, even to the most civilized nations; some branch of science, some practical art, in which they excel. To cull those and present them to the world at large, through the medium of the Literary Gazette, will, we are persuaded, be rendering a service to society. The strong national prejudices which formerly made every nation look down on its neighbour, are fast wearing away; even John Bull is now convinced that Frenchmen are not skeletons,

and that he may live in France without being compelled to feed upon frogs.

In our desultory essays, we shall assume a boundless latitude. Whatever we find to praise or censure in any country, we shall state it frankly; and frequently leave our readers the pleasure of contrasting and comparing our descriptions of foreign arts, manners, laws, and society, with our own; and if they find either motives of pride or emulation, our object is attained.

The regulations of the French police are admirable in many respects, particularly in what concerns the health or the safety of the public. No nostrum is permitted to be sold, unless it be previously examined and approved by the college of physicians; so that no impudent quack can obtain a patent to poison the public, as in England. When a man pretends to have made a valuable discovery in medicine, and wishes to sell it, he must deposit a quantity of it, with the receipt for making it; a committee is appointed to make and try experiments with it, the committee makes a portion and compares it with the sample, it is then tried in the hospitals, and it is only when its beneficial effects have been fully established and proved, that the inventor is permitted to offer it to the public. The same sanitary care is exhibited on every subject connected with public health. Dogs are not permitted to go unmuzzled during the Canicule; a steam engine cannot be erected in any building that is not isolated; and recently an immense establishment for gas was prohibited working, on account of the deleterious effects of the effluvia on the health of the vicinity. This system is carried so far, that to throw soap suds down the drains is punished with fine and imprisonment, on account of the mephitic air it generates, and which endangers the lives of a portion of the community.

Bathing is permitted in the Seine, but only at the Swimming School, or in places so enclosed that public decency cannot be offended; and if any accident happen, the proprietors are liable to punishment. At the School of Notation, nets are placed to prevent persons from being carried away by the current. A short time since, a young man diving got his head under the nets, and was carried away by the current and drowned. The moment the fact was known, the proprietor of the establishment, Madame Deligny, was prosecuted by Government, for culpable negligence, found guilty, and sentenced to three months' imprisonment, fifty francs fine, and the expenses.

All cabriolets, even those belonging to private persons, are numbered; and if any accident happens, it is sufficient for a bystander to take the number, and the owner is prosecuted at the expense of Government.

In criminal prosecutions, the French system is admirable: the whole is carried on at the expense of Government. Of this, a remarkable instance may be adduced in the case of a man called Harper, alias McDougal, alias Le Breton. By means of a forgery on the Bank of Scotland, he defrauded a Paris banker of 600*l*.—He absconded: a telegraphic despatch was sent to various points of the frontiers, but he had already passed them. It was afterwards discovered that he was at Ghent; the French Government, on the fact being communicated to it, wrote to the French ambassador at the Hague to get the Government of the low countries to give him up, which it did, and he was

transferred under an escort to Paris, tried, and found guilty, without its costing the prosecutor a shilling, not even for counsel or preparing the indictment. As to prosecutors, indeed, the term is misapplied; the party injured is merely a witness, the Government being the prosecutor, the owner of any articles stolen not being obliged to appear unless his evidence be necessary to establish the fact. An English gentleman's stables were robbed, the delinquent was caught in the fact by a shoeblack, he was the only witness called, and the only inconvenience the owner of the harness sustained was its being detained by the Police as *pieces de conviction*, until after the trial: the man was found guilty, sentenced to eighteen months' imprisonment, and the party received back the harness on his receipt, without having a shilling to pay. How different all this from the English system! where feeding the police officers frequently costs ten times the value of the objects stolen. We will not extend the article farther, hoping to find such good examples will, in part at least, be followed where they are so sadly wanted.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

EVENING AMUSEMENTS FOR DECEMBER,

AS the MOON in her orbit is sometimes at a greater distance from the Earth than at others, it necessarily follows that her diameter will be increased or lessened in proportion to such distance. Thus at some seasons it is greater, and at others less than that of the Sun; and when central eclipses take place, they either become total or annular, according to the diameters of the respective luminaries. On the 19th day, one of these phenomena (an eclipse of the Sun) occurs; but as the diameter of the Moon is less than that of the Sun, the eclipse, where central, will be annular, and present a most beautiful and interesting appearance. But as the Moon's latitude is to the southward of the Sun, no part of the eclipse will be visible in Europe; and while the Sun's beams are striking on us with undiminished splendour, they will be shorn of their brilliancy and light in other parts of the world. Thus at or in the vicinity of Rio Janeiro, the central appearance will commence at 20 hours 50 minutes, and passing over the South Atlantic Ocean, enter the Cape of Good Hope about one degree to the northward of Cape Town. Here the appearance will be particularly interesting, as the Sun is near their summer solstice; and being close to the meridian at the time, will be seen almost in the zenith, the ring of light not exceeding a quarter of a digit in breadth. The southern parts of Madagascar will also see the central eclipse. It will be partial from the equatorial parts of Africa to the Antarctic Circle, where the Sun will be eclipsed on his lower limb. The Sun will be centrally eclipsed on the meridian at 24h 40m 39s in lat. 33° 8' 27" S.; long. 19° 15' 17" E., rather more than a degree and a half to the N.E. of Cape Town. It will terminate on our 20th at 0h 34m in the Indian Ocean. The situations of the Moon, from the 1st day to the 9th, at 5h, will be as follow: From the 9th to the 24th, it is not visible at that hour. On the 1st, Moon near the meridian 10½° SE. from Algenib in Pegasus, and in the constellation Pisces, forming a small isosceles triangle with δ and ε. On the 2d, Moon SβE. in constellation Aries, and 5° to S. of β. On the 3d, Moon SEδS. still in Aries, and γ with

several small stars in the body. On the 4th, SE δ E. 4° to W. of Pleiades, and they will set at 16° 40', nearly in conjunction, some in occultation. The observations this night will be very interesting. On the 5th, Moon ESE, in the head of Taurus, 9° to N. of Aldebaran. This star, the Moon, and Saturn, will appear very beautiful. On the 6th, Moon E δ S. between the tips of the Bull's horns, forming an equilateral triangle with γ Orion and γ Gemini, and midway between Capella a Auriga to the N., and δ the upper star in the belt of Orion to the S. This latter star being situated nearly on the equator, will show the Moon's distance from it. On the 7th, Moon E δ N. in the upper foot of Gemini, nearly in μ , and near the Tropic of Cancer. On the 8th, Moon EbN δ N. to the southward of the two brilliants in Gemini, and in conjunction with a cluster of small stars near δ . On the 9th, Moon ENE. rising in the constellation Cancer, forming an isosceles triangle with Pollux in Gemini and Procyon a Canis Minor, just above the horizon, E δ N. On the 6th day, at 8 o'clock, the Via Lactea will pass from the horizon due E. over the zenith of London, to the horizon due W., and afford considerable amusement and instruction to observers in tracing its boundaries, as well as viewing the beautiful nebulae it contains.

Phases of the Moon.

Full Moon	5d 22h 25m
Last Quarter	12 19 44
New Moon	19 22 40
First Quarter	28 0 17

On the 7th day, at 7h δ μ
 Gemini, 8th day, at 6h δ δ
 — 37th day, at 10h δ ω
 Pisces, 29th day, at 11h δ η

Dec. 31, Mercury culminates 2h 24m
 — sets SWbW 5 29

Mercury is at his greatest elongation on the 31st day; and from the 25th to that time, a favourable opportunity will be afforded for viewing this planet. About half an hour after sunset, on the 25th, (if clear,) it will be seen SW. 5° above the horizon. The 31st, however, will be the best day. By looking SW., Mercury will appear nearly in conjunction with α star of the 6th magnitude in Capricornus. A line drawn from α Capricornus (a double star) 1½ to the right of β of the same constellation, and between δ and ϵ deg. below the latter star, will pass through the planet.

Dec. 1, Venus culminates 2h 18m
 — sets SW δ W 6 0
 — 25, ϕ culminates A. 2 37
 — sets SWbW δ W 6 56

This beautiful planet will be very conspicuous in the early part of our evenings; and on the 3d day, at 9h, will be in ϕ with the Georgian, invisible to us; but at 5h they may be seen SW δ S. within a degree of each other, ϕ to the southward, 6 or 7 deg. above the horizon. On the 24th, ϕ Venus and Mars at 10h (invisible;) but at 6h they will present a very interesting appearance SW δ W. 8° above the horizon, Venus to the southward.

Dec. 1, Mars culminates 3h 3m
 — sets SW δ W 6 58
 — 25 ϕ culminates 2 34
 — sets SWbW δ W 6 57

Mars passes from constellation Sagittarius into Capricornus.

Dec. 1, Jupiter rises NE δ E. 8h 56m
 — culminates 16 32
 — 25, μ rises 7 4
 — culminates 14 43

Jupiter still remains in the constellation Cancer, and will very soon become a conspicuous object for our evening observations. The visible eclipses of his Satellites before midnight, are, for the 1st Sat. 16th day, 10h 13m; 23d day, 11h 55m 10s. 2d Sat. 30th day, 10h 10m 56s. 3d Sat. 28th day, immer. at 8h 37m 37s; emer. at 12h 9m 34s. This last will be very interesting.

Dec. 1, Saturn rises NE δ E. 3h 40m
 — culminates 11 36
 — 25, μ rises 1 48
 — culminates 9 45

Saturn is still in the head of the Bull; and on the 25th will form a cross with the α , γ , and ϵ of Taurus, having the 1st and 2d δ as a central point.

Dec. 1, Georgian culminates 2h 29m
 — sets SW δ W 6 24
 — 21, μ culminates 0 25
 — sets 4 20

The Georgian is still in Sagittarius.

On the 7th day, at 8h, the appearance of the heavens will be the same as specified in *Even. Amus. for 7th Nov.* at 10h; and at 9h of 7th December it will answer to the directions for 25th November.

At 10h, the stars upon the meridian are Algenib (α) in the body of Perseus; the variable star Algol, in Medusa's head; Menkar (α) in the mouth of Cetus; Fornax Chemica near the horizon; the head of Bootes, ν Draco, and β , γ of Little Bear, at their lowest depression N.; body of Orion, SE δ S.; Sirius, SE δ E.; Procyon, Eb δ S. Between these two brilliants is Monoceros. [The clusters of minute stars in the head of Monoceros are very curious; and many others may be discovered between Procyon and Sirius.] Regulus (α Leo) just rising ENE δ E.; Jupiter, EbN.; Pleiades and Saturn advancing to the meridian. On the 25th, at 10h, stars on the meridian are Aldebaran (Bull's eye); Orion near the meridian; Columbia rising Eb δ E.; Sirius, SE δ S.; Procyon, SE δ E.; Cor Hydra; Eb δ S.; Regulus E.; Denebola (β Leo) rising ENE.; Coma Berenices rising NE δ E. The nebulae in the Sword of Orion is the most beautiful and wonderful in the heavens.

Urania's Mirror, or a View of the Heavens: accompanied by Aspin's familiar Treatise on Astronomy. London 1824. S. Leigh.

Among the many ingenious and beautiful inventions to promote the study of science, and render it as delightful as it is valuable, we have never seen any thing to surpass this admirable production. It is stated in the title, to be "on a plan perfectly original, designed by a lady;" and we are sure that thousands of her sex and all the young of both sexes will repay her with gratitude for the pure and elegant pleasure she has thus prepared for them. Like almost every interesting discovery, the present is exceedingly simple. It consists of a number of large cards, on which are engraved and coloured the various constellations which occupy our northern hemisphere; each containing one or more of those remarkable divisions which ancient astronomers framed to assist the memory and enable them to describe the positions of the stars. Thus marked out for more distinct evocation, the new plan is completed by perforating every star in the constellation in proportion to its relative magnitude, and in its actual place; so that by holding the card up to the light you perceive at once the entire form, the precise situation, and the character, of those heavenly bodies

which are visible in each constellation. Nothing can be more demonstrative and instructing, while at the same time nothing (as we have said) can be more ingenious and beautiful. With this assistance any person may become acquainted with the "starry heavens," or make their youthful friends astronomers, while they are charmed by an amusement. Mr. Aspin's Treatise is an excellent guide; and we have only to repeat our most cordial encomium upon the whole of this fine invention.

THE ARTS, MANUFACTURES, ETC. IN FRANCE.

The Society of Encouragement, of Paris, held on the 10th of this month, at the hotel de Boulogne, its customary Summer sitting, for the purpose of proceeding to the distribution of the prizes which it had offered for competition for this year.

The Sitting was opened at seven in the evening, under the presidency of Count Chaptal, peer of France, assisted by his Excellency the Duke de Doudeauville, Minister of the King's household; by Count Lasteyrie, vice-president; the Baron de Gerando, secretary; M. M. Claude-Anthelme, Costaz, and Jomard, assistant secretaries; and M. Guillard Senainville, general agent of the Society.

M. Bonlard, notary, first gave in an account of the sale of the late Count Jollivet's property, who appointed the Society of Encouragement his universal legatee. The product of this sale amounts to 523,475 francs, half of which belongs to the Society, and the other half to the natural heirs of Count Jollivet, in virtue of the royal ordonnance, which has regulated in this manner the division of the Count's property.

The Baron de Gerando next read a notice on the life of the late M. Bregnet, a member of the Council of Administration of the Society. He paid a just tribute to the memory of that celebrated artist, whose talents as a mechanician have done so much honour to French industry in the branch of clock-making, and whose excellent qualities as a private man rendered him so dear to his family and friends. After the reading of this memoir, which greatly interested the assembly, the Secretary proceeded to lay before the Society the result of the different competitions for the prizes of 1824, and terminated his statement by proposing, in the name of the Council of Administration, that the conferring the under-mentioned premiums should be deferred to the following year:—

Premium for the construction of a machine for the purpose of clearing of their hair, the skins employed in hat-making, 1000 francs; for the manufacture of paper, from the bark of the paper-mulberry-tree, 3000; for the best memoir on the subject of the wool best calculated for the purpose of making common hats, 600; for the silencing of looking-glass, by a different process from that now in use, 2400; for the improvement of the materials used in copper-plate printing, 1500; for the discovery of a metal or alloy of less magnitude than iron or steel, fit for the fabrication of knives, or instruments for dividing soft alimentary substances, 3000; for the discovery of a substance capable of being moulded like plaster, and of resisting the influence of the air as well as stone, 2000; for the introduction into a country where it is known, of the mode of making wells used by the inhabitants of the province of Artois, three gold medals, each of the value of 500 francs, 1500; for the improvement of iron foundries, 6000; for the moulding of metallic castings, 6000; for the importation into France, and the cultivation of plants useful to agriculture, to manufactures, and to the arts,

1st premium, 2000, 2nd 1000—3000; for the manufacture of isinglass, 2000; for the drying of meat, 5000; for a machine for working optical glasses, 2500; for a handmill, fit for taking the skin covering, or bark, off dry vegetable substances, 1000; for the application of the hydraulic press to the extraction of oils, of wine, &c. 2000; for the manufacture of catgut for strings of musical instruments, 2000; for the establishment, on a large scale, of a fabric of crucibles capable of resisting strong fires, 2000.—Total 46,500 francs.

The reports of the different committees on the subject of the premiums already awarded were then read:—

A premium of two thousand francs was awarded to M. Gardon, gold-beater at Lyons, for the manufacture of copper sticks, used in embroidering and lace-making; an article which used before to be drawn from Germany.

A premium of two thousand francs, for the preservation of alimentary substances, by a process executed on a larger scale than that proposed by M. Appert, (such were the terms of the notice) to M. Appert himself, he having given a fuller development to his method.

By order of his Excellency the Minister of Marine, two vases, each containing sixty pounds of beef, and of gelatine prepared by M. Appert, were embarked for the island of Bourbon in the year 1822, and have returned to France in the highest state of preservation. It is true, that one of these vases having been opened while the vessel was under the equator, the substances it contained experienced some alteration; but it has been positively ascertained that this accident proceeded merely from a defect in the soldering of the vase. This experiment (says the reporter) proves the possibility of furnishing our ships with fresh provisions, whatever may be the length of the voyage; and foreigners will no longer be able to boast that they alone enjoy the benefits of a discovery which belongs to France, and which is of important consequence to humanity in general.

A premium of four thousand francs has been adjudged to M. de la Molere, of Soissons, near Charres (department of Eure et Loir,) for the construction of a windmill adapted for bruising and grinding corn, and also for all sorts of rural purposes capable of being accomplished by machinery. This mill, which sets to the wind of itself, has been in activity for the last three years: the expense of its construction does not amount to more than two thousand four hundred francs (a hundred pounds sterling), every thing comprised; one might even be constructed so as not to cost more than eight hundred francs (32*l.*) by reducing its dimensions in proportion. When there is not sufficient wind, it can be worked by horses. This efficacious, commodious and economical piece of machinery, is a valuable acquisition to agricultural industry, diminishing, as it does, the expenses of employing horses, which in some countries form an eighth part of the cost of establishments of this nature. M. de la Molere has also applied this discovery to other objects, to hydraulic machines, &c.

The premium of a thousand francs, promised to whoever would point out the most efficacious means of procuring useful labour for the indigent blind, and that best appropriated to their situation, has been awarded to the Royal Institution of the Young Blind, established in Rue Saint-Victor. Several of the pupils of that institution, in particular those of each class who have most distinguished themselves, were present at the

meeting, and one of them received from the hands of the President a recompense, merited no less by their intelligence than by the enlightened zeal of the philanthropic managers of the establishment.

LEARNED SOCIETIES.

OXFORD, Nov. 20.—On Thursday, the following Degrees were conferred:

Bachelor and Doctor in Divinity.—Rev. J. H. Spry, Oriel Coll.

Master of Arts.—The Hon. A. Curzon, Brasen. Coll. *Bachelors of Arts.*—H. S. Cardwell, Brasenose Coll. grand compounder; Rev. W. Mellard, H. C. Knox, J. Dougherty, Magdalen Hall; G. Bewsher, St. Edmund Hall; E. May, M. Wise, T. Hornby, Christ Church; H. Richards, Jesus Coll.; J. H. Gegg, St. Alban Hall; G. Adams, G. B. Boraston, Michel's Scholar, F. E. Arney, Queen's Coll.

CAMBRIDGE, Nov. 26.—At a Congregation on Wednesday last, the following Degrees were conferred:

Bachelor in Divinity.—Rev. W. Morgan, Emmanuel Coll. *Masters of Arts.*—E. C. Kunderley, Esq. Trin. Coll.; Rev. E. W. Oldacre, Clare Hall; Rev. W. Hardwicke, Corpus Christi (compounder).

Bachelor in Civil Law.—T. S. Spedding, Trin. Hall.

Bachelor in Physic.—T. Waterfield, Christ Coll.

Bachelors of Arts.—J. Bighton, G. Vesey, Trin. Coll.; R. Panton, St. Peter's Coll.; W. Ramsden, Christ Coll.; G. A. F. Chichester, Downing Coll.

On the same day, C. G. Payne, M.A. of Merton College, Oxford, was admitted *ad eundem* of this University.

FINE ARTS.

ROME.

THE Supplement to a recent Number of the German paper, called *The Morgenblatt*, contains the following paragraph:—

"Accounts from respectable authority at Rome state, that several copper-plates preserved in the Calcographia Camerale, have lately been entirely destroyed by order of the Treasurer. Among them are the well-known work of the Farnesina, engraved by Nicolas Doriguy, from Raphael's paintings; also the Farnese Gallery of Annibal Carracci, engraved by Pietro Aquila. They were probably considered as too naked and mundane. The copper-plates were cut into small pieces, so that they never could be used again, and in this state sold as old copper. The same fate has befallen the offensive plates, as they are called, of the great Maffei collection. May a better spirit watch over the original works of these great masters!"

CUPOLA OF SAINTE-GENEVIEVE.

The paintings with which M. Gros has been for some time employed, in enriching the upper part of the dome of the Church of Sainte Genevieve, at Paris, were lately opened to the inspection of the public. The French Journals speak of them as forming a majestic composition, highly creditable to the talents of that distinguished artist. From one of these Journals we transcribe the following description:—

"Four groups, united by figures of angels, and a multitude of accessories, occupy the circular line of the fore-ground. Each of these groups surrounds one of the four French monarchs, who, by the splendour of their reigns, and by their influence on their ages, created epochs in the history of France.

"The first is Clovis, who, by the persuasion of Queen Sainte Clotilde, abandoned the worship of false gods, and humbled himself before the holy Gospel.

"Charlemagne, who marks the second epoch, is half prostrate, as well as his consort. With one hand he holds and raises the globe, which is the symbol of empire; with

the other he seems to guarantee the preservation of his statutes, and the maintenance of the University.

"The third epoch is indicated by a group round St. Louis. The monarch is showing his virtuous wife (Margaret of Provence) the happy results of his labours, to secure the religion and the prosperity of his people. Angels bear before him the standards of his two crusades; and on his left a wreath of thorns, placed on a cushion, shows that he exchanged the kingly crown for that of a martyr.

"Louis XVIII, accompanied by the daughter of Louis XVI, and protecting with his sceptre the young Duke of Bordeaux, marks the fourth epoch; which is that of the restoration. Two angels hold open before him the book of the charter, while others throw off the funeral crape, in which the cradle of the angust infant had been enveloped.

"The greater part of these personages appear to be rendering homage to Sainte Genevieve, who is descending upon a cloud; and whose action seems to manifest her tender solicitude for the deserving children of St. Louis.

"In an upper region are seen Louis XVI, his Queen Marie Antoinette, and the young Louis XVII, who appear delighted to find that their angust relation, Madame Elizabeth, is near them in the holy assembly. At the most elevated point, a dazzling effusion of light announces the opening of the heavens, and the seat of the Divinity.

"Although the figures in the fore-ground are not less than fifteen feet high, they do not, by any means, seem heavy or gigantic, so vast is the field of the picture, and so well do all the parts accord. The four groups are connected by episodes, so skilfully varied, that the disagreeable effect of extreme uniformity is avoided; and every thing tends to a unity of interest, as well to harmony in the composition.

"Although in general the style of the execution is remarkably bold; there is no neglect in the details. The figures are grandly drawn, and the extremities are about as carefully finished as if they were of the common size. The heads are singularly beautiful, especially that of Madame the Dauphiness; in whose eyes, turned towards heaven, there beams the most noble, the most pious, and the most touching expression.

"The differences of costume and manners are, in every respect, attentively observed. Thus, there may be remarked in the features of Clovis, and even in the countenance of Queen Clotilde, a vestige of that barbarism from which those sovereigns with difficulty emerged. Charlemagne exhibits, as it were, the imposing physiognomy of his reign; and the simplicity of manners in the thirteenth century is depicted in the figures of Saint Louis and his consort, with all the goodness and evangelical benevolence which rendered that angust couple the object of universal veneration.

"We have not room to enumerate all the striking beauties of this picture, which occupies a surface of 3256 feet. It is sufficient to say that in elevation of style, beauty of design, richness of colouring, and force of expression, M. Gros has surpassed himself; and has converted the cupola of Sainte Genevieve into one of the finest monuments that has been erected to the glory of the French School."

The day before the opening of the cupola

to the public, M. Gros's pupils, to the number of about sixty, visited it; and there meeting with their master, took the opportunity of presenting him with a crown: a homage well merited by his great talent. The keeper of the seals, who was accidentally attracted to the church at the same time, by his wish to see this new master-piece, paid M. Gros many high compliments; and begged that he might have the honour of placing the crown on his head, which ceremony was performed amidst the loudest acclamations.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

TO THE EDITOR.

[When a young female Poet addresses us, as in these lines, it is quite impossible to deny her request to appear in the *Literary Gazette*.]

Forgive me, if upon thy time
I've trespass'd over long;
'Twas for the sake of better rhyme
To grace my future Song.

I once remark'd a humble flower
Put forth its brightest hue;
But, ah! 'twas spurn'd from out the bow'r,
Where fairer blossoms grew.

It wither'd for a time. At length
The sun smil'd thro' the gloom;
Its hue reviv'd, and, gaining strength,
It rose in brighter bloom.

Be thou the sun and I the flower—
Smile thro' November skies:
And thou may'st yet revive the power,
That, else extinguish'd, dies.

E.

* LINES, &c.

I cannot bear that cold, cold look,
That chilling glance to me;
Contempt I may from others brook,
But never, Love, from thee.

Oh! well thou know'st how my young heart
Once fondly clung to thee;
It was thy pleasure we should part—
The anguish all was mine.

And in this breast, and in this brain,
The remembrance lingers yet;
Although to think of thee is vain,
I never can forget.

No hour of peace, nor future joy,
The shadow can dispel,
Which darkened o'er my troubled soul
When last we said farewell.

To others give thy sunny smiles,
To others breathe the sigh;
Again exert thy brilliant wiles,
But not when I am by.

And not to me that look of scorn,
That frigid glance to me;
Contempt I have from many borne,
But never can from thee.

Nov. 8th.

SOPHIA.

* THE FAREWELL.

I will not chide thee,
Nor droop beside thee—
I love thee now no more!
Yet am not broken hearted;
My dream of love was o'er
When last we parted.

Dost think that falsehood ever
Can be belov'd? Oh, never!
I care not what thou deemest,
Or what thy thoughts may be;
Thou art not what thou seemest—
Farewell to thee!

Nov. 13th.

DE W.

Note.—In adopting these Poems from new and unknown contributors, we trust they will excuse the alterations which have been suggested to us on seeing them in print.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

LA CANAILLE (the Mob.)

THOUGH I have at different periods resided many years in France, and have studied the language with assiduity, I could never discover the precise meaning of the word *Canaille*. Before the Revolution, every person who was not noble was "de la Canaille." During the Revolution every thing was *Canaille* that was not jacobinical: thus the princes, nobles, and priests, who emigrated, were denominated *la Canaille* by Messieurs Robespierre and his consorts. I recollect being one day at Carnot's, in the Rue St. Florentin, when a dreadful uproar was heard in the street. I inquired the cause of it, when the stoic Republican answered in the coolest manner possible, "It is only sixty or seventy of the *Canaille* going to be guillotined, and the nation is hooting them." This *Canaille* was the Farmers-general of the provinces! I could cite a thousand instances of the different meanings attached to this word, all drawn from actual observation; but I will merely notice two, to show that even the humblest classes of society fancy there is something beneath them. When I was at Paris in 1814, I hired a French groom, a nice, active young man. One day, in passing through the anti-room, I perceived a very respectably dressed female, of about fifty, in conversation with him. He said "Sir, it is my mother." As she had risen on my approach, I bade her be seated. "Ah, Sir! (said she,) you see before you one of the unfortunate victims of the Revolution." Madame no doubt belonged to the class of the nobility? "Not precisely so, Sir; but we were not the less sufferers by the *Canaille* of the Revolution. My husband, Sir, was stable-boy in the Prince of Condé's stables at Chantilly; and when the Prince was obliged to fly, he of course lost his place, and was ruined. Wanting bread, he accepted the situation of coachman to Gen. Santerre, but he could not bear to serve such *Canaille*, and he died of a broken heart."

The same morning I called on a friend, and found the chimney-sweepers in the house. The little sweep-boys are generally Savoyards, or Auvergnats, who beg their way to Paris, where they get employed as sweeps at thirty francs a year wages, which is sent to their parents, and they live on the charity of the servants of the houses where they are employed, it being a laudable custom for the cook to give them bread and broken victuals. This charity was passing as I entered the room, when I was much surprised to find the little urchin throw his soot-bag over his shoulder with an indignant air and reply—"Madame, je ne suis pas de la *Canaille* des ramoneurs des rues. Je suis attaché à un fumiste et je n'ai pas besoin de pain!"—"Diantre! (said my friend, who heard the proud answer of Soot-ho,) Diantre! la *Canaille* où se nichera-t'elle? si tu n'en es pas."—"Monsieur, (rejoined the boy,) toute personne qui fait son devoir loyalement mérite des égardes, et je vous prie de ne pas me classer avec la *Canaille* qui court les rues le sac sur les dos." My friend laughed heartily, gave the boy a few sous, and went out repeating, "La *Canaille* où se nichera-t'elle?"

* Madame, I don't belong to the mob of the common chimney-sweepers. I am attached to the establishment of a chimney-doctor, and am not in want of bread.

+ Where now shall we look for the *Canaille*, since the chimney-sweepers are too proud to belong to it?

‡ Sir, every person who acts up to his duty merits respect; and I request you will not rank me with the *Canaille* who ran through the streets with a sack on their back, crying Soot ho!

DRAMA.

DRURY LANE.

THE only novelty that falls within our notice this week, is the revival of Shakespeare's *As You Like It*. This beautiful Comedy, one of the brightest emanations of the poet's mind, has, in obedience to the prevailing fashion of the day, or the mistaken notions of Theatrical Managers, we know not which, been recently put into a new shape, and upon the present occasion makes its appearance in the form of a regular Opera. Of the impropriety and absurdity of these sort of alterations, we ventured to speak pretty freely during the past season, and we must confess that we see no reason to alter the opinion we at that time delivered. It is true, indeed, that as far as regards this charming Pastoral, the addition of a few songs may be said to outrage propriety in a less degree than it did with respect to some of the former Plays, because the author has himself introduced six or seven pieces of a lyrical description; and the whole character of the Drama is decidedly poetical. But still we think the change was uncalled for, as the Stage copies, according to the usual arrangement, not only retained the songs attached to the part of Amiens, but the Cuckoo Song, from *Love's Labour Lost*, was likewise introduced as being somewhat suited to the part of Rosalind, and serving to throw a little variety into the scenes of courtship between herself and Orlando, which, however well they may be acted, always appear heavy and improbable to the audience. As music, however, seems to be not only the "food of love," but the only delicacy tempting enough to gratify the public palate, we presume we must submit with patience, and leave to time or a better taste, the pleasing task of stripping off these adventitious ornaments, and restoring this delightful production to its pristine state of elegance and simplicity. Having thus discharged what we conceive to be a necessary, although to us a painful duty, for we are fully sensible that our Theatres in general are as much entitled to our praise as our censure, we now proceed to the performance of Thursday. To commence then with the musical interpolations, the first thing to be observed is, that they are all, with one exception only, perfectly familiar to the public; some of them having been sung in *Twelfth Night*, and others in the *Comedy of Errors* and the *Midsummer Night's Dream*. We may likewise remark that the situations chosen for their introduction are, for the most part, very injudicious; thus, for instance, after Oliver has given Rosalind and Celia an account of his brother's adventure with the lioness, instead of accompanying them home, as he is requested to do, and as the plot absolutely requires, he and Celia leave poor Rosalind, ill as she is, to return to the sheep-cote by herself, whilst they, good kind creatures, stay behind to warble a duet. But this, highly improper as it is, is nothing when compared with the glaring inconsistency of the dance in the last act, by Hulin's long-legged pupils, which is performed, nobody knows why or wherefore, or the still more wretched scene of paltry pantomime with which the play is now made to conclude. Of the acting we are enabled to speak much more favourably. Mrs. Yates's Rosalind is altogether a very pretty performance. There is a natural delicacy and ingenious expression about this lady's style, which is strictly in keeping with the part, and helps us to an excuse for

the forwardness of her behaviour—an expression indeed, without which Rosalind becomes either vulgar or affected. We would, however, suggest to her, that in describing the characteristics of a lover, she gives a wrong meaning to a particular passage: "An unquestionable spirit," as there applied, does not mean as she seems to think, a man of undoubted courage, but a man indisposed to conversation; a man engrossed by his own thoughts, and averse to social intercourse. Let her rectify this error and throw a little more animation into the character, and it will then be perfect. Macready's Jaques may also claim a large portion of well merited approbation. In look and manner, he was all that we could wish. His by-play was excellent: Melancholy seemed to have "marked him for her own;" and his fine full-toned voice and graceful declamation were never more appropriately or more advantageously displayed. Wallack's Orlando was very unequal. He sometimes played a scene well, and immediately afterwards another scene as ill. His address to the Duke, of which a great deal may be made, wanted pathos. He did not appear to feel what he uttered, and whenever this is the case, little effect can be produced either by attitude or dress. The same fault we have attributed to this gentleman may be laid to the charge of Mrs. Bedford. Her Celia is a poor lifeless performance. She talks of love and friendship as if she had never felt or could feel the influence of either; and the want of animation even pervades her singing. Her voice is good, and her execution correct; but all is marred by the icy indifference with which they are accompanied. Horn was not so good as usual; but Harley and Knight, in Touchstone and William, were very entertaining; and Mrs. Orger is the best and most natural representative of Audrey that we have seen for many years.

POLITICS.

The King of Sweden has recalled his son from the Viceroyalty of Norway: the decree states, that it is to prepare him for the sovereignty of the united countries.

VARIETIES.

Hydrography.—The English Lords of Admiralty have presented the King of France with a magnificent copy of the Hydrography of Sicily, Malta, and the adjacent Islands, being a collection of thirty-two engraved Charts, of the largest size. By his Majesty's command, this work is to be deposited in the Royal Library, rue de Richelieu.

Sea Provisions.—M. Da Olmi, a Professor of Natural Philosophy at Paris, has been commissioned by the French Minister of Marine to construct five large models of purifying cisterns, on a plan invented by M. Da Olmi, the object of which is to preserve from putrefaction, and to meliorate, water taken on board of vessels for the consumption of the crew. M. Da Olmi has also been desired to prepare a quantity of sea-biscuits, by a process of his, which is said to be as simple as it is economical, and which renders it extremely nourishing. The whole will be sent to the ports, and submitted to the test of experiments at sea. In a Manuscript which M. Da Olmi has presented to the Minister, he describes the details of these two inventions,

and adds many suggestions calculated to be conducive to the health of sailors.

The late M. Géricault's picture of the Wreck of the Medusa, which was exhibited in London, has been purchased at the price of 6000 francs by the Musée Royal.

Antiquities at Famar.—A letter from Valenciennes contains the following particulars:—"The excavations at Famar, without every day producing articles of value, do not cease to afford interesting results. This week a great quantity of wheat has been found blackened, rather by the humidity of the soil than by fire, as might have been supposed: this wheat is disposed in two layers, separated by fragments of Roman tiles and other materials. Under the wheat there is another layer of a white, light, and tasteless matter, reduced to powder, which some persons conceive to be flour; some chemists are engaged in analysing it. Among this black wheat and supposed flour, they have found a double antient mill, of a stone which is of a greyish pearl colour, being a very hard kind of pudding stone: the two pieces which compose the mill fitted one upon the other, and by a rotatory motion, which was given them in contrary directions, crushed the grain laid between them. The stones are slightly concave towards the centre, to prevent the corn from coming over the edge of the stones; and the two faces which macerate the grain are furrowed with little grooves, that the corn may not roll under the mill without being ground."

Anecdote.—Louis XVI. like Louis XV. was fond of the mechanical arts, and particularly the higher branches of practical mechanics. Jauvier, mechanician and astronomical watch-maker, was a great favourite with his Majesty, and was admitted to his private cabinet certain days in the week. The King used to remain several hours, shut up with the artist, occupied with these amusements, and in the latter years of his life they served to momentarily banish the melancholy ideas which the tide of events poured into his mind. It was at this period that Janvier, one day entering the cabinet, and perceiving the second-hand of one of his astronomical timepieces on the ground, replaced it without any observation: the next day he again found the hand on the ground, and replaced it with care and in silence, the King not appearing to pay any attention to what he was doing: a third time he found the hand displaced, when, unable to contain himself, he said, "Sire, I have some secret enemy who wishes to ruin me in the opinion of your Majesty: thrice have I found the second-hand of this timepiece on the floor, which was impossible to happen without the hand of an enemy." "My poor Janvier, (said the King, laying his hand on the artist's arm,) be not alarmed, you have no enemy here; it was I who did it; the moments fly so quick, and so few of them must be mine, that I could not bear to see them marked so rapidly—I took off the hand, do not replace it."

FACTILE.

The following Inscription appears, or at least lately appeared, over a door in Notts: *Her Life Won Ho Curs a Goos.* (To wit—Here lives one who cures Agues.)

An Eternal Separation.—An English lady recently divorced from her beloved, came over to France and turned Catholic, in order, she said, that she might not again be in contact with her husband, either in this world or the next.

Epigram.

When friends and relations drop off one by one,
What joys and what comforts with them too are gone!

Like burning the books of the Sibyl, we find
It doubles the value of those left behind. G. B.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

It is now understood that Madame L. S. Belloc's book on Lord Byron will not be published as an English translation. The first of her two volumes, as it appears in French, throws no new light on his Lordship's life; indeed the author does not appear to have known him, and her work consists of dissertations on his writings, and translations of them into French.

Count Gamba, we hear, is preparing a Memoir of his intimacy with Lord Byron. If his sister, the Countess Guiccioli, would help him, it would greatly increase its interest.

Mr. Hobhouse's pamphlet against Medwin, which was suppressed after being printed, was, we are told, a fierce tirade. It is hinted that a copy has found its way towards the Editor of the Edinburgh Review.

A Journal of Science is, we are informed, about to be published in Dublin, under the title of The Dublin Philosophical Journal and Scientific Review. The first Number will appear in the beginning of March, and be continued every half year.

Chronicles of London Bridge, comprising a complete history of that ancient and interesting structure, by an Antiquary of London, is announced as nearly ready for publication.

The Editor of the Bibliotheca Gloucesterensis has accented to his subscribers for the delay of the third Part; for having, since his first arrangement, unexpectedly met with a considerable quantity of new and original materials, he has re-composed the whole of his Historical Introduction; and assures them that the whole will be completed next Spring.

Of Allen's History of Lambeth, reviewed in our last, there is only another Part, or six Numbers, to come, in order to complete the work,—not eleven Parts, as we stated by mistake, confounding the division of Numbers with that of Parts.

Mr. Bullock's Mexico has been translated into French, and published at Paris. A French reviewer exemplifies the national disregard of foreign names in mentioning it, for he says it is "par M. Beuloch;" and, as if one blunder were not enough, adds a correction in parenthesis, thus: "(Bullock)."

LIST OF WORKS PUBLISHED SINCE OUR LAST.
Campbell's Theodric, and other Poems, fcap 8vo. 8s.
—Downes' Dublin Prize Poems, 8vo. 6s. 6d.—Milton's Poetical Works, by Hawkins, 4 vols. 8vo. 2l. 2s.—Mollien's Travels in Colombia, 8vo. 14s.—Monteney's Inquiry relative to Napoleon, 8vo. 16s.—Walladorn, 2 vols. crown 8vo. 16s.—Revelations of the Dead Alive, crown 8vo. 10s. 6d.—Transactions of the Linnean Society, Vol. xiv. Part 2, 4to. 21s.—Livingston's Project of a new Penal Code for Louisiana, 8vo. 6s.—Williamson's Reflections on Religion, 2 vols. 8vo. 31s.—Powlett's Christian Truth explained, 8vo. 9s.—Biblical Cyclopaedia, 2 vols. 8vo. 1l. 12s. 6d.—Key to the Greek Language, 8vo. 9s.—Nouveau Tableau de Londres, 18mo. 6s.—Recueil de Phrases utiles aux Etrangers, 18mo. 2s.—Hampson on Trades, 8vo. 5s.—Kitchner's House-keeper's Ledger, 8vo. 4s. 6d.

METEOROLOGICAL TABLE.

November.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday..... 18	from 55 to 46	29.33 to 29.60
Friday..... 19	... 51 to 49	29.70 to 29.80
Saturday..... 20	... 50 to 37	29.50 to 29.30
Sunday..... 21	... 53 to 43	29.40 stat.
Monday..... 22	... 37 to 48	29.34 to 29.20
Tuesday..... 23	... 38 to 51	29.50 to 29.60
Wednesday..... 24	... 52 to 41	29.90 to 29.04

Wind SE and SW, the latter prevailing. Generally cloudy, with almost incessant rain.

Rain fallen 2 inches and 0.75 of an inch, of which upwards of 1 inch fell on the Saturday and morning of Sunday, causing floods throughout the latter day.

Edmonton.

C. H. ADAMS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Mr. Holman the traveller's letter, on the subject of his Siberian travels, shall be inserted in our next Gazette. We do not remember to have received *Hesperus's* former communication. That of Nov. 17 does not appear to be suited for insertion.—R. M. and W. B. M. must be contented with a similar answer. To the latter we have to apologise for not preserving his MS.; but it was accidentally destroyed before we adverted to his envelope.

We are sorry that G. G. did not furnish us with an address in his note of Tuesday morning, and beg he will do so as early as possible.

Sperans, and several other Correspondents, will find answers at the Literary Gazette Office.

Erratum.—In last No. p. 746, 3d col. lines 14, 15, from bottom, for hard and long read hard and long.

Connected with Literature and the Arts.

THE UNIVERSAL REVIEW; or Chronicle
of the Literature of all Nations, No. V.
* * This Review is published every two Months.
Printed for Geo. B. Whittaker, Ave-Maria-lane.

— CRITICAL REVISION. NO. XLVI.
Contents:—I. Lord Byron—II. Ewing and Cox on Infant Baptism—III. Roe's Principles of Rhythm—IV. Felice sur l'esprit et le But de l'Institution Biblique—V. The Demerara Proceedings—VI. Laing's and Jones's Greek and English Lexicons—VII. Memoirs of Capt. Rock—VIII. Sumner's Evidences of Christianity—IX. The Two Rectors—X. Beisham's Translation of the Epistles of St. Paul.—Printed for L. B. Seeley & Son, Fleet-street.

A SUPPLEMENT to the LONDON CATALOGUE of BOOKS, with their Sizes, Prices, and Publishers; containing the Works published in London, and those altered in size and price, since the Catalogue of 1822 to the present time.—London: Published for the Executor of the late W. Bent, by Hurst, Robinson, & Co.; Longman, Hurst, & Co.; Baldwin & Co.; and Geo. B. Whittaker, and Robinson & Co., Manchester. Of whom may be had,

The London Catalogue of Books, containing
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THE LONDON MAGAZINE for December 1891 will contain a very interesting account of the Fanariotes of Constantinople—John Lacy on Modern Theatricals—On Canada and Emigration—An original Letter of Evelyn to Sir Thomas Browne—On the French Aristocracy—On certain Falsifications of the History of England, by the Opium Eater—Account of the Exhibition of the 1891—On the French Revolution—On the French Poets—Bragade Paris in the 17th Century—On the Logis of the Ancients—A Memoir of Kirk White—and several other original papers.

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I have song of war for knight;
Lay of love for lady bright;
Fairy tale to lull the bair;

[illegible]

†† A few Copies of the Work have been printed on post 8vo with Proofs of the Plates on India Paper; price 1*l.* 4*s.*

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BELL'S LIFE IN LONDON, of Saturday, November 7, will contain the best account of the Fight between Hudson and Jackson. It will be sold at the Office, in the Strand, London, for three days after the 27th Instant.—Bell's Life in London, and Sporting Chronicle, combining, with the News of the week, a rich Repository of Fashion, and a full and interesting account of the occurrences of Real Life; the price of which is Seven-pence, is a full sized Quarto Weekly Newspaper, published in London every Saturday Afternoon, in time for that Day's Post, by which it may be received in any part of the Kingdom.—Orders to be sent to the Proprietors of Real Life:—Morning.—Orders attended to by all the London and Country Newspaper Agents, Booksellers, and Postmasters; as well by Messrs. Smith, No. 126, Strand, London.

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